

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 743



FEB. 23, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884

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Topics of the Week

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AND THE CONSERVATIVES.

The old dispute about the leadership of the Conservative party has lately been revived, and apparently we are destined to hear a good deal about it as long as the present "dual control" lasts. The real meaning of the quarrel seems to be that some energetic Tories are anxious to get rid of Sir Stafford Northcote as their chief in the House of Commons. It is not quite clear whether they would like Lord Salisbury or Lord Randolph Churchill to be the head of the whole party, but Sir Stafford Northcote they hold to be altogether incompetent for the position he occupies. Now it must be admitted that vigour is not among Sir Stafford's good qualities. The speech with which he summed up the debate on the Vote of Censure was, indeed, a spirited attack on the Government; but anything more dreary and futile than the speech with which he opened the discussion it would be difficult to conceive; and in important crises he has repeatedly failed in the same way to give effective expression to the wishes of his supporters. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether the Conservatives would act wisely in placing themselves under the guidance of a more lively and aggressive statesman. Some of them are of opinion that it would be possible for their party to compete with the Liberals on the ground which the Liberals themselves have chosen; but there is no real evidence in favour of this view. On the contrary, it is almost certain that, when important measures of reform are wanted, the country will always expect the work to be done by the party which has hitherto claimed to be the party of progress, and that power will be granted to the Tories only when the nation is tired of energetic action, and desires to have a period of repose. If this be the true account of the matter, then Sir Stafford Northcote, in alliance with Lord Salisbury, is a much more suitable leader than Lord Salisbury alone or than Lord Randolph Churchill, could be. Sir Stafford Northcote represents fairly and with dignity all those elements of the national life to which the Conservatives, in less restless periods than that through which we are now passing, may hope to appeal with success.

GENERAL GORDON AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

That Mr. Newdegate had canvassed vigorously for Mr. Bradlaugh at Northampton, or that Sir Wilfrid Lawson had turned "Bung," and applied for a spirit licence, would both be regarded as rather improbable assertions; but scarcely more strange than the statement made in Monday's papers that Gordon Pasha had issued a proclamation permitting the trading in slaves to be carried on in the Soudan. As the General also proclaims that the Mahdi is Sultan of Kordofan, it would seem that the so-called False Prophet (who is proving himself to be a True Prophet) has got nearly everything that he has been fighting for. The old proverb says, "The devil is good if you humour him," and it would seem that if our Government was going to make to the Mahdi such important concessions as these, any respectable Englishman could have carried the message quite as well as General Gordon. As regards the slave trade, we have never taken what may be termed the rabid view of that difficult question, and we have little doubt that General Gordon's decision has been dictated by motives of prudence and humanity. When he was before in the Soudan, exceptional circumstances caused him to trust to common sense rather than to abstract theories concerning slavery. Pity that our philanthropists were not always so wise, for they have much to answer for as regards the negro. When the slave trade was legal, there was no reason, except shipowners' greed, why the slaves should not be carried in roomy vessels. But when slave-traders were dubbed pirates, they were obliged to sail swift ships, very narrow in the beam, and their captives were packed like sardines. Even now, on the East Coast of Africa, the chasing of slave-ships does more harm than good to the negroes, and if a British officer should capture a cargo of these unfortunates, as he can't send them home again, he has great difficulty in knowing what to do with them. Be it observed, we are speaking here, not of *slavery*, but of the *slave-trade*. Of course, if the former could be abolished, the latter would vanish also. But it is no easy matter in Mahomedan countries to abolish some form of domestic servitude; and, as negroes are in demand in those regions, we advocate the substitution of free emigration for slavery. Railways and steamboats are penetrating everywhere, and if some of our philanthropists, instead of aggravating the horrors of slave-hunting by trying to put it down forcibly, were to organise a well-devised system of labour-traffic, within a few years' time negroes from the inland parts of Africa might be induced to seek employment in those countries where their services are needed as calmly and cheerfully as the Irish reaper who plans an excursion to England at harvest-time.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOMS.—Year after year, as the season for holding the Queen's Drawing-Rooms approaches, Society looks in vain for some notification from the Lord Chamberlain's office promising a cup of tea to ladies who go and pay their respects to Her Majesty. The English

Court is the only one at which State receptions are held in the daytime, and the only one at which so much time is wasted in presentations. At most Courts ladies and gentlemen assemble at an appointed hour, and are ranged round two or three large rooms in the palace. The Sovereign and his family enter, walk round the rooms exchanging salutations with the persons who are presented, or stopping to say a word here and there to guests of their acquaintance, and the ceremony, which is enlivened throughout by music, lasts barely two hours. After the reception there is generally a ball; but, if not, the guests disperse into the refreshment rooms, and wait for their carriages in perfect comfort. At St. James's the custom of introducing ladies by threes into the Presence Chamber causes a fearful amount of pushing and scrambling in the palace rooms, makes the reception last for hours, and throws upon all engaged an incredible amount of fatigue. It is not unusual for ladies who started from home at mid-day to be two hours reaching the Palace Yard, owing to the block of carriages; two or three hours more may then be consumed in toiling towards the Throne Room; and after this there may still be two or three hours of waiting in vestibules and on staircases before getting away. All this while no refreshments of any sort are offered; so that by 5 or 6 P.M. the condition of a lady who has breakfasted at 10 A.M., and who has been standing for the greater part of the day, is often pitiable. We are not forgetting that the Lord Chamberlain cannot make tea for the Queen's guests without permission of the Lord Steward; and perhaps this dignity has no right to hot water without leave from the Master of the Household. But surely there is no longer such confusion at the Palace as in the days when Baron Stockmar wrote: "The Lord Steward finds our fuel, and lays the fire; the Lord Chamberlain lights it. The Lord Chamberlain provides the lamps, the Lord Steward must clean, trim, and light them. The inside cleaning of windows belongs to the Lord Chamberlain's department; but the outer part must be attended to by the Office of Woods and Forests, so that the windows remain dirty unless the two departments can come to an understanding." As, however, it is not in the nature of the Queen to be inhospitable, we suppose there must be some conflict between the Pot and the Kettle departments of the Palace which prevents their combining to make tea.

MR. BRADLAUGH.—Those who have prevented Mr. Bradlaugh from taking his seat were bitterly disappointed by the result of the appeal to his constituency. A great effort was made to secure his defeat, yet he was returned by a larger majority than on any previous occasion. It is now decisively shown, therefore, that the quarrel is not so much between the House of Commons and Mr. Bradlaugh as between the House of Commons and the electors who wish to have Mr. Bradlaugh as their representative; and the most violent Tory must admit that such a dispute adds neither to the dignity nor to the efficiency of representative institutions. It is too much to hope that Mr. Bradlaugh will ever be permitted by the present Parliament either to administer the oath to himself or to take it in the usual way, for the majority, who in this matter have followed Sir Stafford Northcote, are too deeply committed to a particular course to draw back from it at so late a date. It is, however, possible that some members who voted against the Affirmation Bill last Session would reconsider their decision if a similar measure were again introduced. A great deal has happened since then, and every step taken by Mr. Bradlaugh has tended to show that the difficulty cannot be effectually settled except by the concession of the right of affirmation. So many subjects have to be discussed during the next six months that the Government is naturally unwilling to add to the labours of the House of Commons; but this question is one of urgent importance, and it would surely be better to make a vigorous attempt to get rid of it rather than to invite the repetition of "scenes" of which everybody is heartily tired. The Government is all the more bound to do what it can to prevent further trouble about Mr. Bradlaugh, since there is good reason to suppose that if it had acted courageously four years ago he would not now have been fighting for the place which lawfully belongs to him.

THE CENSURE DEBATE.—The public are deeply interested in the Egyptian Question, and in the alleged mismanagement of our Ministers in the affairs of that region; but it does not follow from this that the Vote of Censure Debate in itself attracted much attention. It may be safely asserted that, apart from professional politicians and journalists, few people waded through the record of that five-night go-as-you-please oratorical tournament. Besides, public curiosity was blunted by two obvious facts. First, the Government, alarmed by the mutterings of the storm of discontent, did that which they ought to have done long before. They sent General Gordon with unlimited powers to the Soudan, and they are making genuine efforts to relieve the remainder of the imperilled garrisons. Secondly, it was almost a certainty that, even if the Parnellites went against them, the Government would get a majority. It was not likely that the Liberals, as a party, would forswear their allegiance to Mr. Gladstone, and help to turn him out of office, even although in their judgment he had gone wrong on a particular question of foreign policy. The exceptions prove the rule. Mr. Cowen is a chartered libertine, and Mr.

Marriott, annoyed by dictatorial Caucus-men, has long been hankering after a Cave of Adullam, if haply he may find it. As often happens with undeserving people, luck has been on the side of the Government in this discussion. The debate began when the defeat of Teb and the horrors of Sinkat were fresh in the public mind. It closes with the news that Gordon's mission seems likely to succeed. And what is the public verdict? The public verdict is that the Government (in their efforts to satisfy two opposite phases of public opinion) have blundered terribly in Egypt; they have now, however, shown signs of reformation; and as, with regard to domestic legislation, they are more likely than the Tories to do what the mass of the public want to be done, there is no very keen desire to replace them by Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. But let Mr. Gladstone bear in mind that though he has escaped technical censure in the House of Commons, he has not escaped it in the country at large. Even his most devoted admirers are beginning to discover that a man may be a first-rate orator and a skilful legislator, but a very poor administrator.

MR. HOWARD VINCENT.—The Director of Criminal Investigations has made himself very popular, but if he should leave his office he will not have reorganised the Detective Force entirely as he desired. There were some changes, too, in the other branch of the service which he wished to see effected, and without which his successor will have to work under the same disadvantages as he did. One of the most needful innovations is the appointment of a superior class of men to the offices of District-Superintendent. The chief of the police in every metropolitan district ought, by whatever title it may please the authorities to call him, to be a gentleman of education; and retired officers of the Army and Navy would be best suited for such posts. At present the social status of a District-Superintendent is that of a sergeant-major who has been promoted from the ranks. A man of this sort may be a good public servant, but he is seldom fitted to discharge the multifarious duties, some of them most delicate, which now devolve upon the police, and he cannot hold the same *prestige* in the eyes of his men as would be possessed by a chief having officer's rank. It is curious that in this city of four million inhabitants a police force of over twelve thousand men should have only five or six gentlemen connected with it, and these all at the Central Office in Scotland Yard. The fact is that our police, in spite of many apparent changes, remains organised much as it was when first founded, and when its institution was regarded with much mistrust by the people. The time has now come for us to recognise that a force which is yearly on the increase, and which constitutes the Civic Guard of a metropolis more populous than many Continental States, should be well officered. In Paris the command of every Division of Police is entrusted to an *Officier de Paix*, who ranks with Army captains, while the administrative business of a Division is in the hands of a *Commissaire* invested with some magisterial attributes. A similar arrangement in London would add to the efficiency of the force, and would not necessarily bar the promotion of deserving constables to inspectorships—the highest posts for which they are generally fitted.

A SCOTTISH DEPARTMENT.—The influential Scottish deputation which waited upon Mr. Gladstone the other day had no reason to complain of the tone of his reply to their representations. He cordially agreed with them that there ought to be a special Department for the transaction of Scottish business, and pledged himself to introduce a measure which should give effect to the demand of the Scottish people. The House of Lords threw out the Bill in which the subject was dealt with last Session; but it is generally admitted that it was not a very good Bill, and there can be little doubt that the new scheme, which will be more carefully prepared, will be accepted by Parliament. The *Times* professes to fear that the appointment of a Scottish Department will encourage "like demands from a dozen other quarters;" but it has carefully refrained from indicating the "quarters" to which it refers. No English shire or shires could reasonably advance a similar claim; and even Wales could only plead that the English language is not spoken by a portion of its inhabitants. But Scotland possesses national institutions of its own; its Established Church, its schools, its universities, its legal system, its municipal system, being all different from those of England. If it could be shown that the present system is attended by no practical disadvantage, it might be unadvisable to effect important changes in deference to mere sentiment. Scotchmen, however, are almost unanimously of opinion that the affairs of their country do not receive adequate attention; and they must be supposed to have the best means of deciding whether this is so or not. There is not much fear that a Scottish Department will materially increase the work of Parliament. Scottish business is invariably left to the Scottish members, and they would be sharply called to account by their constituents if they were less expeditious in the future than they have been in the past.

THE DANGERS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.—That a labouring man should insure his life is not only an incentive to thrift, but a probable safeguard against his widow and children coming on the parish. There are some assurance societies which "go in" especially for "working men's" business, and

they have their agents scattered over the country, even in small villages. As these agents are paid by commission and not by salary, it is their interest to obtain for their employers as many premiums as possible, and therefore it may be imagined they do not investigate too narrowly the motives of the persons seeking to be assured. Fortunately for the credit of human nature, in the great majority of cases no mischief results, but exceptions occur sometimes, as has lately been exemplified by a trial at Liverpool. Two women have just been convicted there of the murder of a man who was the husband of one and the brother-in-law of the other; and it is almost certain that they have committed several other murders besides this. Higgins and his fellow victims were done to death by arsenic extracted from fly-papers, and the reason why he was murdered was that his life was insured for a sum of 95*l.* in no less than five different societies. His sanction had not been obtained for these insurances, nor, in some cases, had the agents even seen him. The Judge, in summing up, advised that in future insurance agents should be paid by salary. This would not answer, they would never bestir themselves. Better, we think, that no policy should be valid unless the person on whose life the insurance was effected signed the application in presence of the agent of the insurers.

SINGING FOR JUSTICE.—Mr. Orlando Harley must be satisfied with the damages of 250*l.* awarded him by Mr. Justice Mathew for wrongful dismissal from the Comedy Theatre; but as he had laid his action against Mr. Henderson on the ground that he could sing in tune, it was quite expected that the learned judge would make him prove his case by singing in court. The other day Mr. Justice Williams went to verify the nature of certain stench with his own nose; and Mr. Justice Day has lately shown a noble ardour in the pursuit of judicial knowledge by taking a turn on the treadmill. We believe that the whole of a novel by Mr. Charles Reade was once read in an American Court during an action for plagiarism, and only last term a suit about two rival kinds of coffee was terminated at the Royal Courts by the jury being requested to drink a cup of both. We think Mr. Harley should have been made to sing his "Pipe Song" to the Bench, unless, indeed, Mr. Justice Mathew be like Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, who confessed that he knew only two tunes: "One that was 'God Save the King,' and the other that wasn't." As regards the general features of Mr. Harley's action, the public will have noted the doleful remark of one of the defendant's witnesses: "We have much trouble with our tenors." Though there is much more study of singing now than formerly, though musical clubs and training schools abound, good tenors are much rarer than they used to be when music was not held in such general honour. There is a story of a French manager who, about forty years ago, engaged a troupe to go to South America. One day, on the passage out, the company began to sing on deck, when it appeared that seven of them were tenors, and that, moreover, each one of these had been engaged as *primo tenore*. Furious at this discovery, the seven turned upon the manager, who quieted them, saying: "When we land in the Brazils, six of you will succumb to the *vomito negro*, and the seventh shall remain my tenor." Apparently it would be rather difficult for any manager to recruit seven fair tenors in these times.

THE NEW ROYAL COMMISSION.—Everybody was well pleased to hear that the Prince of Wales had consented to take part in the work of the Royal Commission which is to investigate the condition of the dwellings of the poor. The Prince has again and again shown that, when he undertakes any public duty, he does so with enthusiasm, and that he has the power of maintaining and stimulating the zeal of those who may be associated with him. In the present instance he will find a cause which is worthy of his best efforts; and, if we may judge from the fact that he has already begun to visit some of the slums of London, it may be assumed that he fully realises the importance of the task he has undertaken. The labours of the Commission will be watched with interest by all classes, and by the adherents of all political parties. The appointment of such a body is often a convenient way of shelving a question; but the question of the housing of the poor is too important to be shelved, and it is not going too far to say that England is sincerely and deeply anxious that a just and effectual method of dealing with it shall be discovered. During the last twelve months philanthropists have brought out no facts which have not been familiar for many years to those who have specially interested themselves in the subject; but, for some reason or other, the most appalling revelations produced, until lately, only a slight and transitory impression on the mind of the nation. Now the public conscience has been thoroughly awakened, and we do not believe it will be satisfied while it is known that multitudes of families in town and country are living in a way that is incompatible with the most elementary conditions of civilisation. It is necessary, before any large schemes are attempted, that the facts should be accurately set forth; and this service will doubtless be rendered with as little delay as possible by the Commission which is about to be nominated.

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGER TRAFFIC.—We venture to call attention to a fact which enthusiastic reformers sometimes forget, namely, that there are in existence certain

animals called railway shareholders, and that these persons built the existing lines, not from motives of far-seeing benevolence, but in order to turn an honest penny. There is much grumbling, and a great deal of it very unreasonable, about railway management; it is therefore only fair to look occasionally at the other side of the account. The prospects of the railway shareholder are undoubtedly brighter now than they were say thirty years ago; he has got out of that slough of litigation which exhausted his resources, and he has participated in the general increase of the national wealth. But reflect how the position of the third-class passenger has improved within about the same time. He used to be transmitted in a vehicle which would now be thought scarcely good enough for a cattle truck; his train stopped at every station; and he was ignominiously shunted while first and second-class passengers sped by him to their destination. How utterly changed is all this! On most lines there are third-class carriages attached to every train, and they are often so cushiony and comfortable that even "swells" who, like John Gilpin, have "a frugal mind," make use of them. Years ago it used to be a saying on the Continent, "Who travels first-class? Only fools and Englishmen." The answer here will soon be "Only exclusives;" and the practical question for directors then to consider will be whether there are enough exclusive persons in the community to make it worth while to run first-class carriages. On the Midland, the second-class has long been extinct, and it seems likely to disappear elsewhere. Meanwhile, the public have benefited by these changes far more than the shareholders. Hear what Mr. Moon, the Chairman of the London and North-Western, said last Saturday. "During the past half-year, as compared with the corresponding period of 1876, we have carried 9,000,000 more people, and have run 3,300,000 more miles, but have only received 145,000*l.* more. Therefore, all the advantages, facilities, and accommodation which we have given during that period have gone to the public, and we are no better off in our passenger traffic than we were seven years ago."

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—It is to be hoped that some means may yet be found for reopening the Alexandra Palace as a place of public recreation this summer. Under what conditions it can be reopened is another question, which the owners of the building will only be able to solve by finding a suitable manager. It requires a special genius to render a colossal place of amusement attractive, and it must be admitted that those who have charge of such establishments as the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces have serious difficulties to contend with. If elaborate entertainments are given, they swallow up all the profits; if nothing is offered except music and fine grounds, visitors do not come in sufficient numbers. Some people complain that these Palaces close too early; others denounce them as Casinos if they remain open after dark. Horse-races draw occasional crowds of a sort which drives respectable season-ticket holders away; and Exhibitions are, for the most part, open to the same objection as costly theatrical or musical entertainments—that they do not pay. There are men, however, who seem to have an unfailing intuition as to popular tastes, and it should be the business of those who think of reopening the Alexandra Palace to look for one of these men, and to treat him handsomely if they get him. It will be of no use to reopen the Palace under the auspices of a man without experience or ideas; yet it would be a pity that the palace and grounds should be sold to builders when some lucky chance may raise up a man who will know how to render Muswell Hill the favourite holiday resort of the enormous population in the North of London.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a PORTRAIT of SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, drawn from Life.

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THE "VOTE OF CENSURE" DEBATE

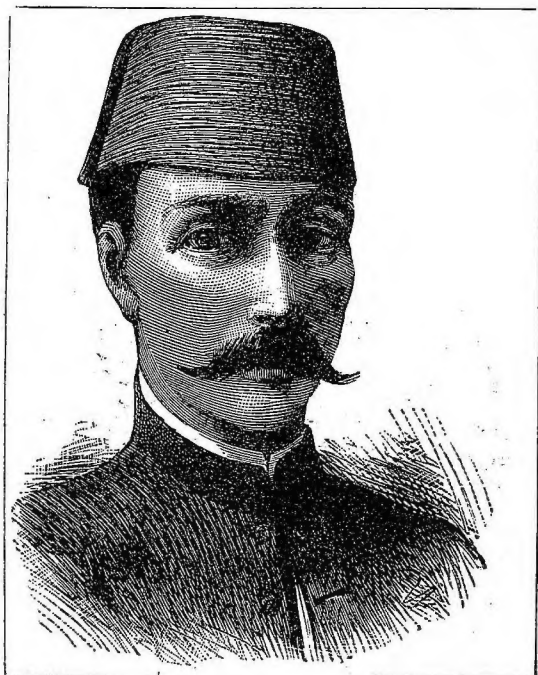
THE House of Lords manages its debates much better than the House of Commons. This is partly because there are fewer members in the Upper Chamber; partly because their independent judgment is not warped by the shadow of the Caucus; and partly because there is an unwritten understanding that on a grand field day nobody shall speak to whom the public would not willingly listen. The result was that the Lords got over their debate in a single evening, censured the Ministers by a majority of 100, and then, at ten minutes after midnight, went off to bed—or elsewhere. After this excellent little Debate, which succinctly gave all the *pros* and *cons* of the Egyptian Question, many people would have been well content if the House of Commons had recorded their votes in silence. It would have been, perhaps, too much to expect such self-denial as this; but at all events they might have made the Debate more effective by cutting it shorter. As it was, it began on Tuesday, dragged on over Thursday and Friday, recommenced on Monday, and was not finally extinguished till 2 A.M. Wednesday. Mr. Gladstone, whose tongue is as indefatigable as Weston's legs, made an ingenious speech, replying effectively to imaginary charges which had not been made against him, and shirking the real question. Taken altogether, the Tory assault was feeble, and the most swashing blows against the weathercock Egyptian policy of the Government were delivered by members of their own party.—Mr. Forster, to wit; but then unluckily these gentlemen, although they spoke daggers, used none; that is to say, when the division bell rang, they went into the Ministerial lobby. Except Mr. Cowen, who is a free lance, and two or three others, including Mr. Marriott, the M.P. for Brighton. The latter gentleman has asked for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order that by a new election he may test whether Brighton is as slavishly devoted to Gladstone as the local Caucuses assert. The Parnellites went solid against the Government, but it mattered very little which side they took, as the Liberals had a majority without them.

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

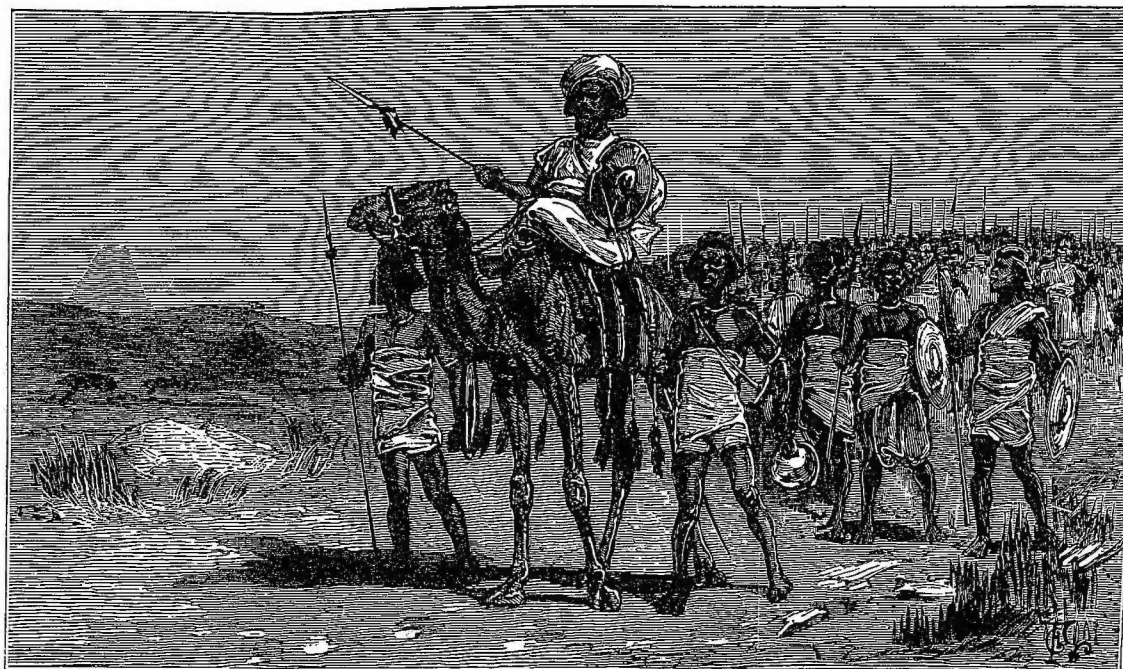
SUAKIM

THIS little town, the seaport of the Soudan, and which has been the head-quarters of the forces marshalled against Osman Digna and his rebel tribes, is mainly situated on an island, but has been extended to the mainland, with which it is connected by a causeway. It contains a number of mosques and public buildings, of which the principal are the Governor's House, the Custom House, and the Bazaar.

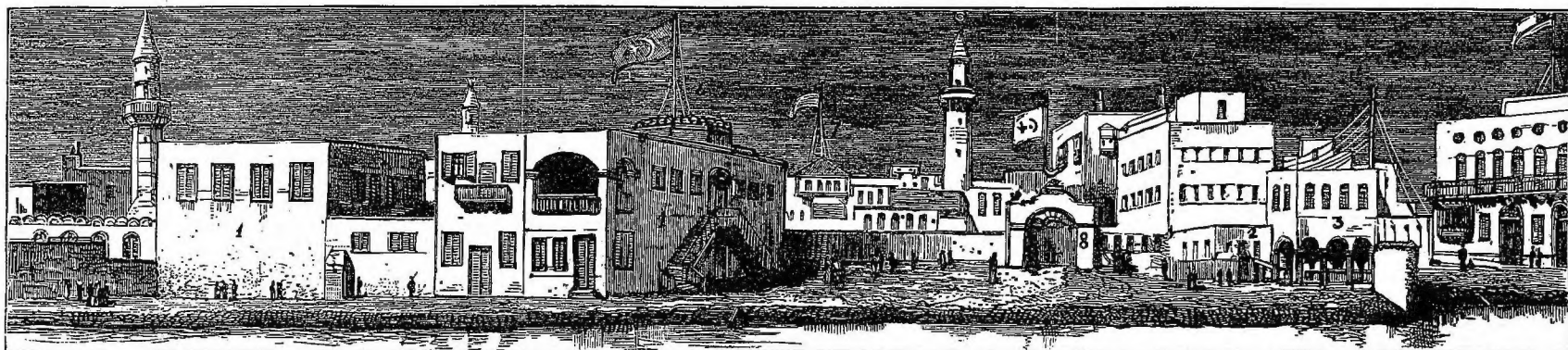
One of our engravings—all of which on this page are from sketches by Mr. D. Mosconas—represents the landing-place. The others are a view of the causeway and a bird's-eye view of Suakim and its surroundings, and, taken together with the sketch map of the harbour which we published last week, will give a fair idea of the position of the town. Writing recently from Suakim, the *Standard* correspondent stated that Suakim would not be endangered so long as our vessels of war stand guard. "Our gunboats lie anchored one on either side of the causeway, and an enemy attempting to enter the town would be decimated by their fire." The *Times* military writer also thus describes the military position of the town: "Though the harbour and its entrance permit the anchorage and passage of large ships, the island and its shores are swampy. On the causeway stand the barracks. The works which have been erected are of the nature of a bridge-head covering the town and the causeway. Just as a bridge-head is protected, when possible, by flanking artillery fire on the other side of the river, so are the lines of Suakim flanked by the fire of the *Sphinx* on the right and the *Decoy* on the left, while the causeway could be swept by the guns of the *Kanger*." The works consist of an inner continuous line of



MAHOMED TEWFIK BEY
The Hero of the Defence of Sinkat,
Killed in the Final Sortie, Feb. 8

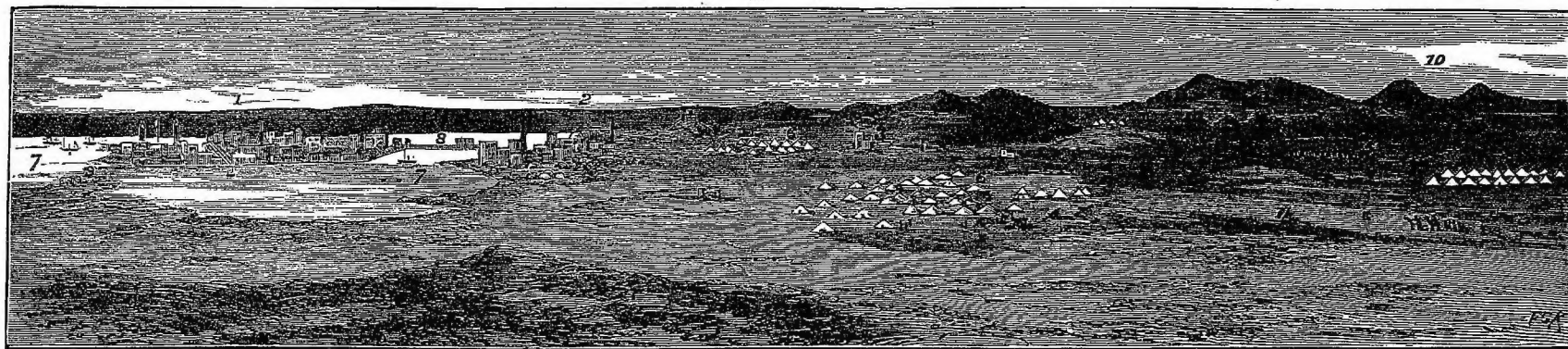


OSMAN DIGNA MARCHING AGAINST THE EGYPTIAN FORCES



1. Governor's House.—2. Custom House.—3. Egyptian Telegraph Office.—4. The English Consulate, Residence of the Late Commander Moncrieff.—5. Turkish Telegraph Office Communicating with Djeddah Cable.—6. Post Office.—7. Greek Consulate.—8. Gate Leading to the Custom House Yard and the Yard of the Governor's House.

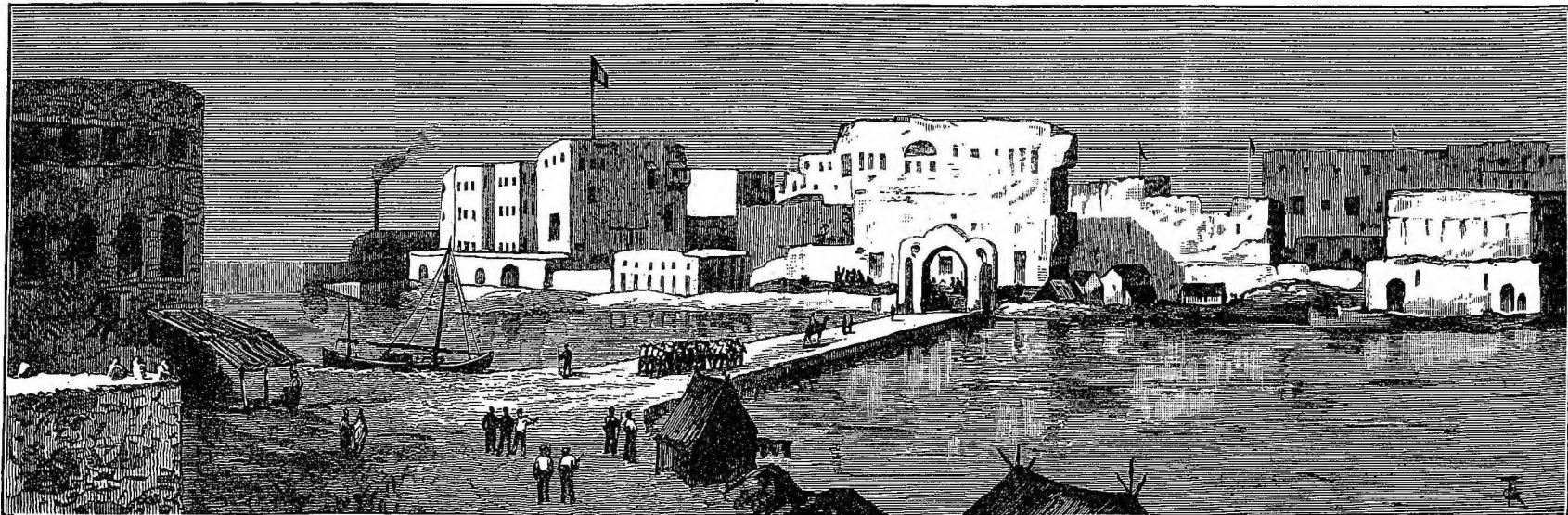
THE LANDING-PLACE AT SUAKIM



1. Island of Suakim.—2. Ghaf, or Native Town.—3. Fort with Four Guns.—4. Earthworks, with Two Guns Protecting the Wells.—5. Wells Supplying the Town with Water.—6. Camp of the Troops.—7. British Men-of-War.—8. Causeway Between the Island and Ghaf.—9. Stores for Coal, and Lazaretto.—10. Tamanib, where the Battle Between 650 Negroes and the Rebels took place, about Fifteen Miles S.W. from Suakim.—11. Road to Berber.

GENERAL VIEW OF SUAKIM WITH ITS FORTIFICATIONS

French Consulate



THE CAUSEWAY AT SUAKIM DEFENDED BY THE GUNS OF H.M.S.S. "WOODLARK" AND "RANGER"

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY AN EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL AT SUAKIM

Sir Algernon Borthwick

Sir H. Wolff, M.P.



Sir Robert Peel, M.P.

Lord H. Lennox, M.P.

Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P.

Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P.

PUBLIC MEETING AT THE PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY, TO PROTEST AGAINST THE EGYPTIAN POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT



THE INTERNATIONAL PEASANT FESTIVAL AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE WEST END HOSPITAL FOR PARALYSIS

intrenchments, forming the bridge-head itself, at a radius of about 1,000 yards from the causeway. Outside this, at about 1,200 yards distance, is a chain of redoubts. The inner line is strengthened by two forts, called Fort Euryalus and Fort Carysfort. The intrenchments and the outer redoubts are manned by blacks; "crowsfeet" and other military obstacles are strewn thickly in front of them; and, provided that the blacks held their ground, as they were likely to do, there was no possible danger to the defenders of Suakim, even before the arrival of the British reinforcements, which made the town absolutely secure. To attack a series of works thrown up with military skill, and defended by fairly resolute men, is a very different affair from driving in the sides of an infantry square in the open, where the troops which compose it are faint-hearted, and do not even use their weapons.

TEWFIK BEY

TEWFIK BEY, who made such a gallant defence of Sinkat, and who perished in the final sortie yesterday (Friday) fortnight, was a Copt, a native of Cairo, being descended from an Armenian family, professing the Coptic Christian rite. In his early youth he was placed by his parents in the Government School, where he received an Egyptian education, and while there became a convert to Islamism. He was acquainted with several European languages, though not with English. He was at one time appointed interpreter to Aladeen Pasha, the Governor-General of the Eastern Soudan, but on the promotion of the latter to the Governor Generalship of the Soudan, Tewfik Bey was nominated Governor of Suakim. From that town he marched in August against the rebels to Sinkat, where he was besieged. On being summoned by Osman Digna to surrender, he answered, "I have but my honour and my daughter to save. I shall take care of the first, and if I fall my Master, the Khédive, will take care of the second." After a stubborn defence of more than five months he made a desperate sortie, and perished sword in hand. He was about thirty-four years of age, tall and thin, and of a somewhat fair complexion.

OSMAN DIGNA

THIS chieftain, whom the Mahdi has appointed his Lieutenant in the Eastern Soudan, and under whose leadership the various rebel tribes have acted since June last, is certainly a man of no mean order. Like other leading men of the Soudan, he is an old slave dealer. He possesses considerable military skill, and is a man of firm determination and great courage. He maintains careful supplies of stores at his camp, and by means of a complete system of spies is kept well informed of all that is going on. He obtains funds by levying the usual taxes and taking one-eighth of all the produce of the lands. His main camp is situated on a well-chosen site, about sixteen miles from Suakim, and there he holds his *levées*, and reads to his followers letters from the Mahdi which excite their hearers to fanatical frenzy. Osman Digna is an intimate friend as well as a disciple of the Mahdi, and it was after a visit to the latter in the early part of last summer that Osman decided upon preaching a Holy War, and rousing the tribes of the Eastern Soudan. This was the beginning of the troubles in the Eastern Soudan which hitherto had been tranquil. How fervently he believes in the Mahdi has been shown by events. When summoned by the Sheik Morghani to visit him at Suakim and bring in his submission, he replied by the following letter, for the translation of which we are indebted to Mr. Mosconas:—

"ARKAWIT, 7th Rabi Awel, 130r.

"In the name of the Most Merciful God, with thanks to the All-Powerful God, and prayer to our Prophet Mahomed and to God likewise! Thus saith Abu-Beker Osman El-Digna to your Holiness El-Sajid El-Gialil El-Said Mohamed, Ebn (son), El-Ashaz (honourable) Mohamed El-Morgani, 'may our God protect all.' I write to your Lordship to say that I have read your letter, and I have appreciated from end to end the advice that you give us in your good-will, because you are the man worthy to give such counsel. You tell us that you are sent by the ruling Powers, and that you have arrived here to put an end to the troubles which exist amongst us. . . . Know then, truly, above all things, that when we are called upon by the 'Mahdi,' the 'coming Prophet' here, the 'wise and holy man,' we are convinced that the whole earth, from east to west, cannot contend against him—the hand of God being with him—which is preferable to all human union and power; and had we the slightest doubt as to the success of his cause, we should never have gone forward.

"But we beg of your Lordship to come and see us for the purpose of consulting over this matter. If you are in the favour of the 'Emissary of God' (may He overwhelm you with His blessing), you shall then judge yourself of our situation; but if your intent is but to take the part of earthly power, we have already understood that, and that is enough."

PREPARING FOR BAKER PASHA'S EXPEDITION—A RECONNAISSANCE AT SUAKIM

"ON the 22nd January," writes Major G. D. Giles, to whom we are indebted for our sketches of this ill-fated expedition, "General Baker Pasha made a cavalry reconnaissance some fourteen miles from Suakim, where a body of the enemy were known to be encamped, and where the disaster to the Soudanese troops occurred. On approaching the place none of the enemy were to be seen, but the cavalry came on a drove of eighty-five cows, which were at once driven off in the direction of Suakim. After this the return journey was commenced, and our force had proceeded about a mile, when they were attacked in the rear by a considerable number of the enemy, who, irritated by the loss of their cattle, pressed on with great determination. The skirmishers in rear of the column meanwhile opened a very heavy, but ill-directed, fire on the rebels, but the latter, pressing them closely, the Egyptians suddenly turned round, and bolted at full gallop, leaving a party of about twenty, who skirmished with the enemy as long as they continued to follow the column, which they did for four miles. The rebels, from the bad shooting of the Egyptians, have learnt to despise firearms, and the boldness of their advance was remarkable, as, armed only with swords and spears, they rushed on, taking little trouble to conceal themselves. Four Turkish bashi-bazouks, having become unhorsed, fell into the hands of the enemy. Others were taken up by their comrades, and thus enabled to escape. The losses of the enemy are reported to have been comparatively heavy, and there is no doubt that the loss of so many cattle is a very serious one for them.

GENERAL VIEW OF TRINKITAT

TRINKITAT, the port where Baker Pasha's force disembarked to march on their unfortunate expedition to relieve Tokar, and the point whence our own troops will begin their march under General Graham, is, Major Giles tells us, the name of the anchorage. "There are no wells, no assemblage of houses, nor, indeed, is there one house to give the place a name. The shore is a low sandy strip, and some two miles of shallow water lie between it and the mainland, shown in low sand-hills in my sketch.

EGYPTIAN TROOPS FORMING A THORN HEDGE

"It has been found by experience that the best form of temporary entrenchment or defence in the Soudan, both against the attacks of animals or men, is a thorn hedge, varying in size according to the time and amount of labour that can be employed on it.

"My sketch represents the Egyptian troops under Baker Pasha throwing up one of these hedges for practice on the thorny plain outside Suakim. The baggage animals are all collected inside the intended line of hedge, arms are piled, and preparations made for cooking. The cavalry are away on the look-out to prevent a surprise, and the work of constructing the 'zerebak' commences. It is wonderful in how short a time the hedge is formed. In less than two hours a position of considerable strength, four feet in height, and some four or five hundred yards in circumference, is made, inside which the men can rest and have their food, feeling sure that no rush of the enemy, however determined, could pierce the thorny barricade which surrounds them.

"If time permits the hedge may be raised to six or seven feet, and a *banquette* of earth thrown up on the inside to enable the defenders to fire over it.

SENDING AN ULTIMATUM TO THE ENEMY

"THIS sketch shows Baker Pasha and his Staff watching spies who have been sent in the direction of the enemy's camp. Colonel Burnaby was standing looking on. As I have said, Trinkitat is separated from the mainland by two miles of shallow water. On the far side of this lagoon are low sand-hills, on which the enemy is occasionally seen. The spies can be watched across this water. When they approached the hills numbers of savages showed themselves, and the spies returned to camp, having left the letters with which they were entrusted sticking up on a stick for the enemy to take when they felt inclined. Two Krupp guns were ready to shell the enemy should the spies be pursued.

EMBARKING MULES AT SUAKIM FOR THE RELIEF OF TOKAR

"THERE was no plank for the animals to walk up into the boats, and they had literally to be forced into them. The camels and mules resisted to the best of their ability, and some amusing scenes occurred.

"The only effective way of managing the mules was to put a rope round their hind-quarters, and drag them into the boat.

CONDENSING WATER FOR THE TROOPS AT TRINKITAT

"AT Trinkitat all the water for the men and animals had to be condensed, and for this purpose the condensing ship, *Dib el Bahr*, was busily employed. Under the arrangement of Mr. West, the engineer in charge, a most efficient water supply was soon available, and my sketch represents the Soudanese troops drawing water. A series of long wooden troughs served for the animals to be watered from, while the water for the men was kept in iron tanks, and pumped from them by a small hand-pump into casks as it was required. The *Dib el Bahr* condensed some twenty-nine tons of water a day."

INDIGNATION MEETING AT THE PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY

ON Saturday afternoon (February 16th), a public meeting was held at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, to protest against the policy of Her Majesty's Government in Egypt. The Hall was crowded, and so many persons were unable to obtain admission that an overflow gathering was organised in St. James's Square. The proceedings of the principal meeting were somewhat noisy throughout, owing to the turbulent behaviour of small knots of malcontents near the platform and at the bottom of the Hall. Sir Algernon Borthwick presided, and the chief speakers were Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Robert Peel. Lord Randolph demanded whether interests so vital and tremendous as those now at stake should be entrusted to the hands of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, who had on their souls the blood of a succession of slaughters and massacres. "How many more of England's best and bravest heroes," asked his lordship, "are to be sacrificed to the Moloch of Midlothian?" Concerning this speech the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Despite the absurd violence of his language, there was an attempt at statesmanship which has certainly not characterised his earlier utterances on the Egyptian question." A good deal of uproar was caused by the conduct of a man who tried to force his way on to the platform and put an amendment, but ultimately the first resolution was carried. Another resolution, moved by Sir R. Peel, and seconded by Sir H. D. Wolff, demanded a dissolution of Parliament and a change of Government.

INTERNATIONAL PEASANT FESTIVAL

AN International Peasant Festival, held under the patronage of the Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, on behalf of the West End Hospital for Paralysis, Welbeck Street, was opened at the Royal Albert Hall on the 14th inst., and continued until Saturday evening. All round the oval were raised little structures representing houses of different countries, a timbered English mansion in miniature on the right, a Chinese pagoda on the left, each of the erections being filled with different articles, more or less representing the special wares supposed to be peculiar to the country named on the buildings. Each house or stall was kept by ladies dressed in the brightest colours permitted by their assumed nationality. There were also male peasants, old English jesters, Chinese boys, &c. The Peasants were, of course, rather those of the stage, or of the poets' fancy, than of real life. The boldest peasantry of the goldenest of ages never habitually wore such valuable jewellery, silks, satins, exquisite shoes and stockings, and dainty short petticoats as these fair South Kensington stall-keepers. Besides the attractions of the Fancy Fair, which occupied the enclosed oval floor, the vast crowd of visitors was provided with theatrical and musical entertainments by various celebrities. There was also an International Stall for refreshments, with champagne on tap, a corner for American drinks, and ladies of rank and fashion serving behind the bar. In connection with the *fête* a grand ball was held at Willis's Rooms on Monday.

"ORDERED ON ACTIVE SERVICE"

THESE sketches depict the tribulations of a subaltern officer, who having got ten days' leave of absence, and wasted part of his time in "going through town," is hustled off on active service just as he gets home, and has then further worries from his outfit not turning up when it ought.

He catches the up-express, but then discovers that the trains are so puzzling that he must go through town, and accordingly he finds himself in the stalls of the Matheronian Theatre, gazing through his opera-glasses at the Boston Belle. No sooner does he get home to the well-remembered country parsonage, and while his sisters are vainly tugging at his overcoat, than he is presented with a telegram which for fifteen hours has kept the family on tenter-hooks, wondering what it may contain. Alas! it bids him at once rejoin for embarkation for Mahdihadah, that broiling port on the Red Sea coast.

He meets with other heroes at the Army and Navy Stores, where the older men prudently deal. Those under thirty-five only buy such trifles as toothbrushes, preferring to get the more expensive articles on credit from their outfitter.

Next he is in a state of perturbation because his things have not arrived. It seems that they had been taken, during the excitement and festivity, to other quarters, two hours before.

The departing troops are blessed by their chief on parade, who says: "I shall ever have my eye on you. I bless you." Some ladies shed tears.

Before embarking, our poor subaltern finds that he has to discard, with other things, the "home comforts," because they are beyond the cubic measurement of baggage allowed.

Ultimately he starts, with mixed feelings of exulting hope and tender pain at leaving his friends.

"And may he come back," cries the artist, "brown-bearded, burly, and bountifully, if barbarously, *decoré*."

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT

AND

SCENES IN NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO

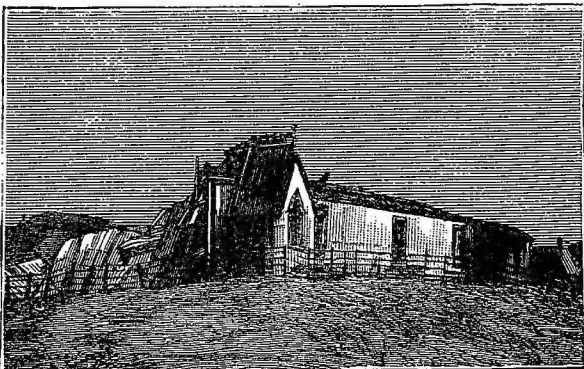
See page 187.

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 185.

THE LATE STORM—DESTRUCTION OF A CHURCH

OWING to the rapid rise of Seascale, on the coast of Cumberland, as a seaside resort, it was found necessary, in 1881, to erect a church for the accommodation of the inhabitants and visitors, the parish church of Gosforth being over three miles away. After considerable efforts an iron church was built close to the Furness Railway Station, at a cost of 500*l.*, which proved a great boon to the place in many ways. Unfortunately, it had to be placed in an exposed position, but all stood firm until the storm of December 11th, when fully half of the iron roofing-plates were torn away. These were speedily replaced, and did well until the night of the 26th of January, when a storm of unprecedented violence absolutely destroyed the building. The fall of the church was not witnessed by any one, but up to midnight it was standing complete. It is known, however, that the west window first blew in, and that the wind, then finding easy entrance, levelled the north and east walls, the roof falling inside, followed by the spire, and the west wall in splinters. It was first



observed in a ruined condition at five o'clock on Sunday morning. The corrugated sheet iron was torn to pieces like so much paper, and some of it and the felting were found over 200 yards away, scattered about in the fields and on the road. Many of the pews were smashed, and the woodwork of the church almost entirely destroyed.

At a meeting held on the following Monday it was decided that it was absolutely necessary to erect a stone church, capable of holding 500 people, and that it be built with a view to enlargement at some future period. This cannot be done without much external help, as the resources of the parish, which is almost entirely agricultural, are almost drained dry—two schools, a rectory, and a church having been built within it during the last few years. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Rev. J. Wordsworth, Rector of Gosforth, Cumberland; J. S. Hellow, Esq., Manager of the Bank of Whitehaven, Whitehaven; or J. Gaitskell, Esq., Cumberland Union Bank, Gosforth, Carnforth.



THE WHOLE OF THE EDITION (10,000 copies) of the Queen's book was disposed of on the day of publication. A second edition is, of course, in the press.

THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN has consented to become President of the East London Nursing Society, in succession to the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

ON WEDNESDAY, the representatives of the American Navy formally took possession of H.M. steam-sloop *Alert*, the transfer of which to the United States Government has been successfully negotiated. The Government is organising an Arctic Expedition, for which the *Alert* will be found a most useful acquisition, it having been fitted and strengthened by the Admiralty at great expense, for the similar expedition under Sir George Nares.

CARDINAL MANNING, it is reported, will be invited to serve on the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Housing of the Poor, the appointment of which is proposed by Lord Salisbury and assented to by the Government. Sir Charles Dilke, it is said, will act as Chairman of the Commission.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been promisingly begun among members of the House of Commons for a testimonial to the Speaker on his resigning the chair. It is to be a portrait of himself presented to Lady Brand.

IN VIEW OF THE EXPECTED EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE, nearly a hundred members, it is said, have joined an association to promote a scheme of proportional representation, which is intended to protect the rights of minorities. Among them are two members of the last Ministry, Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Gibson, and two members of the present one, Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Leonard Courtney. Sir John Lubbock is Chairman of the Committee.

ADDRESSING ON WEDNESDAY a meeting of South Essex Conservatives at Stratford, Mr. W. H. Smith referred to the division of that morning. Though the Conservatives, he said, were then beaten, they had gained a great victory since they had compelled the Government to recognise its responsibilities, though at the last moment. Humanly speaking, the action of the Conservatives had saved the garrison of Tokar.

SOME CRITICISMS in the *Times* on the apparent disinclination of the Conservative Leaders to formulate a definite policy in regard to Egypt have fanned into a flame the smouldering dissatisfaction of a section of the party with the condition of its leadership. Letters have been published from the Secretary of the Manchester Conservative Association, in which he complains of the dual control of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote; and he suggests the appointment of Lord Salisbury to the undivided leadership of the party. On

the other hand, Lord Mayor Fowler has protested against any attempt to weaken the position of Sir Stafford Northcote, who, he thinks, must of necessity continue to lead the Conservatives in the House of Commons. The Conservative malcontents achieved a victory last week in the election of Lord Randolph Churchill to the Chairmanship of the Council of the Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, vacant by the resignation of Earl Percy. The competing candidature of Mr. Chaplin, M.P., was favoured by the supporters of Sir Stafford Northcote on the Council.

THE PREMIER has seemingly derived a certain negative satisfaction from the resolutions censuring his Egyptian policy which were passed at the City meeting in the Guildhall on Friday. In a letter to the Lord Mayor, who had forwarded them to him, he expresses himself gratified with the absence from them of one condemning withdrawal from the Soudan, although the impropriety of that course, he says, was prominently asserted in the requisition which requested the Lord Mayor to call the meeting.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been re-elected Member for Northampton by a majority of 368 (the numbers were 4,032 to 3,664) over the Conservative candidate, Mr. Richards. At the contest nearly a year ago Mr. Bradlaugh's majority was 108. Since then some 1,700 voters have been added to the register.—The Paisley Election terminated with the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Clark, by a majority of 1,243 over his Conservative opponent, Lord E. Hamilton. Each candidate received nearly twice as many votes as were given to the Liberal and Conservative candidates respectively at the last contest in 1868.—The electoral contest in West Somersetshire has resulted in a victory of Mr. Elton, the Conservative candidate, over his Liberal competitor, Lord Kilcoursey, by a majority of 672, 6,732 electors having recorded their votes. In this case a Conservative succeeds a Conservative, but Mr. Elton received 571 votes more than the Conservative candidate highest on the poll in 1880, while Lord Kilcoursey polled only 38 more votes than were given to the solitary Liberal candidate on that occasion.—On Wednesday Mr. C. S. Read, the well-known Conservative tenant farmer, was elected without opposition member for West Norfolk, in the representation of which a vacancy was made by the resignation of Mr. G. W. P. Bentinck, also a Conservative.

LAST WEEK SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT received a deputation of representatives of the London Water Companies, to protest against the Bill of the City Corporation for the regulation of the water supply of the metropolis. As this proposes to give the consumer the option of being charged by meter, the spokesman of the deputation urged that such a plan would relieve the rich at the expense of the poor. While admitting that there was some force in this objection, the Home Secretary expressed a general approval of the principles embodied in the Bill of the Corporation.

AT A MEETING IN WHITECHAPEL of the representatives of working men employed in the sugar manufacture, a communication from Mr. Gladstone, bristling with figures, was read in reply to their protest against the importation of foreign sugar fostered by the bounty system of several Continental Governments. The Premier maintained that the domestic sugar trade was not seriously affected by that importation, and that even if it were a restriction of imports was impracticable. The meeting expressed dissatisfaction with the refusal of the Premier to redress their grievances, and a reply was to be sent him impugning the accuracy of his statistics.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING held this week in London of the Associated Chambers of Commerce a proposal was made and supported by advocates of Fair Trade to memorialise the Government for the appointment of a Royal Commission or Select Committee to inquire into the causes of the long-continued depression in trade, manufactures, and agriculture. The motion was rejected by a majority of seventeen, twenty-five Chambers voting for and forty-two against it.

IT WAS STATED at a recent meeting of unemployed in Manchester that there are in that city 40,000 persons who may be so classed.

IT IS SAID that sixty Irish Members of Parliament, belonging to all political parties, have signed a memorial in favour of such a modification of the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act as will allow the State to advance to the occupier the whole of the money required for the purchase of his holding, and will extend the period for the repayment of instalments of the money so advanced.

A BRONZE BUST, by Mr. Belt, of the late Mr. William Spottiswoode, subscribed for by his former employes, has been placed in the court-yard leading to what was his printing establishment. On the pedestal is the inscription, "A tribute from daily witnesses of a noble life."

A SUBSCRIPTION is being raised in Scotland to place the bust of Thomas Carlyle in the library of Edinburgh University, on the occasion of the celebration of its tercentenary. Mr. Carlyle was one of its Lord Rectors.

A STATUE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE was unveiled last Friday week on the Hoe, Plymouth, in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of his birth.

ON SATURDAY, Mr. Chinery, the late editor of the *Times*, was buried in Brompton Cemetery. The mourners included many persons of political, social, and literary distinction. The Dean of Westminster took part in the funeral service, and pronounced the Benediction at the grave.

THREE ADMIRALS have died during the last week: Vice-Admiral H. C. Glyn, aged fifty-five, brother of Lord Wolverton, and a most popular member of London Society, who served with distinction in the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol, and was captain of the *Serapis*, in which the Prince of Wales made the voyage to and from India; Admiral Sir T. Sabine-Pasley, who entered the Royal Navy sixty years ago, and served throughout the Crimean War; Admiral C. R. Drinkwater Bethune, aged eighty-three, who took part in the capture of Canton in 1841, and whose father was the author of the well-known "History of the Siege of Gibraltar." To the obituary of the week also belongs the death of Major-General Anstruther, who was distinguished himself in the war with China in 1841, when he was taken prisoner, afterwards serving under Lord Gough in the Sikh Campaign of 1849, under Sir Harry Smith in the Kaffir War of 1851, and in the Burmese Expedition of 1853; of Mr. Archibald Maclaren, well known formerly at Oxford in connection with the athletic movement; and of Mr. Charles Stuart Calverley, the author of two charming volumes of verse, full of delicate humour, and of a metrical translation of Theocritus, in or about his fifty-first year.

and influentially signed petition to the Grand National Hunt Committee to abolish these "graves," as they are termed, in cross-country courses. It is not the water that is objected to, but the fact that it is "open," that is, with no fence before it; and it is alleged that horses in a crowd cannot see what they are coming at. There is some truth in this, but still it does strike one as rather strange, to say the least of it, that an "obstacle" is objected to in a steeplechase course which a hunter has constantly to negotiate in a run with hounds.—Lord Falmouth's trainer, Matthew Dawson, and his chief jockey, F. Archer, have jointly presented his lordship with a massive silver shield, with all the names of the most famous horses which have won races under the magpie colours inscribed thereon. The souvenir was offered "as a token of gratitude and esteem to the best, kindest, and most generous of masters."—For the Derby, his lordship's Lillibullero, and St. Gatien, Broadacres, Waterford, and Cambusdoon as outsiders have recently come into notice. The Adelaide filly (still unnamed) remains first favourite at 10 to 1 for the event.—Tonans the unlucky, Prince, Energy, and Wild Arab are the favourites for the Lincolnshire Handicap; St. Blaise and Lowland Chief for the City and Suburban; and Mohican and Satellite for the Grand National.—Reprive, who belonged to the late Earl Grosvenor, has been bought by Lord Alington for 2,000*l*. She has many valuable engagements, for which she was nominated by Matthew Dawson, her breeder.

COURSING.—As the Waterloo Cup contest, which commenced on Wednesday last, will not be concluded till Friday afternoon, we must defer our notes upon it till next week. It may be remarked, however, that the present anniversary will be marked by the mishaps which occurred to prominent favourites within a few days of the meeting, Spick-and-Span having gone amiss, and Waterford and Match Girl having been run almost to a standstill by a "demon" hare to which they were slipped for their last course only on the Friday of last week. They are both completely *hors de combat*.—The death of Mr. H. F. Stocken, of Brighton, a very prominent supporter of coursing, took place a few days ago. He nominated Coomassie, the winner of the Waterloo Cup in 1878. We are glad to hear that there is some talk of an attempt being made to get Parliament to pass a Bill, similar to that for Ireland some years ago, enacting a "close" time for hares in this country. If something of the kind is not soon done a great part of England will be literally denuded of the *Lepus timidus*, which gives sport for hunting, shooting, and the table.

FOOTBALL.—By some vagary of the Postal Service, our Football and other Notes on "Pastimes" made a supererogatory journey to Brighton last week, and returned to London too late for publication. This will account for the absence of a record of the fifth round of the Association Challenge Cup, in which the Old Westminsters were defeated by Queen's Park, Glasgow; Northwich Victoria by Blackburn Olympic (the holders); and Upton Park by the Blackburn Rovers; while at Nottingham the Swifts and Notts County played a drawn game. This was decided on Saturday last, at Kennington Oval, and attracted a large number of spectators, though hardly a tithe of what it would have done if it had been played in our manufacturing counties or in Scotland. Down South there are any amount of enthusiastic and indefatigable football players, but the general Southern public does not take to the game as it does to cricket. For the first half of the game no goal was scored on either side, and the play was pretty even, but after that the Midland County men showed to better advantage, and secured the only goal scored in the game. A large party of Nottingham men, not altogether of the most aristocratic class, had come up to cheer their compatriots, which they did most lustily; and some of them, apparently of the "lamb" tribe, behaved most offensively by keeping up loud and discordant noises during the game, and jeering any members of the Swifts' team when they happened to make a bad kick. The "lamb" and their friends were to be distinguished by the particoloured return railway tickets they wore in their hatbands. In the sixth round of the contest Notts has to play the Blackburn Rovers, and Queen's Park the Blackburn Olympic, on March 1; and on the 29th the final game will be played at the Oval.—Among other recent games may be mentioned the victory of Blackburn Olympic over Darwen in the Lancashire Association Cup; of Cambridge University over Surrey; and of draws between Aston Villa and Derby Midland, and between Oxford University and Brentwood. Rugbywise, Oxford has beaten Yorkshire; and Scotland has beaten Ireland.—For downright idiotry commend us to a select band of Welshmen living in a village with an unpronounceable name under Snowdon, who have issued a call to all Christians to "stamp out" the moral contagion of football playing.

LACROSSE.—Kent and Surrey combined, which comprise most of the best of the London and Dulwich Clubmen, have had a good tussle with the strong County of Middlesex, which, of course, has the help of the powerful Clapton team; and the result was a drawn game. Of the six Southern counties which play the game, Cambridgeshire is the only one that dares to face Middlesex single-handed.—In their return match, South Manchester has beaten Liverpool.

AQUATICS.—There have been some few shiftings of places in both University crews, but matters have pretty well settled down preparatory to strict training, beginning, according to custom, on Ash Wednesday.—Bubear has returned from his visit to Bourne-mouth, and is now in hard practice on the Thames for his approaching match with Wallace Ross.—The public in general, and rowing men in particular, will be glad to hear that Mr. Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, has given permission for about an acre of land to be cut off at Poplar Point, on the Henley Regatta course, which will deprive the Berks side of the very unfair advantage it has always given the boat that was fortunate enough to draw it.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Weston completed 3,900 miles at Leicester, on Tuesday last; and if he holds out to the end of this week, as there is no reason to doubt he will, he will have done 4,100 out of his 5,000.

THE HUMANE WORK EFFECTED IN TRIESTE BY MRS. BURTON, in her efforts to promote kindness and better treatment of animals, is bearing good fruit, after eleven years' hard struggles and disappointments, and all animal-lovers will be interested in the simple account of her stewardship which she renders to the donors to her fund. Though much yet remains to be done, there is a sensible improvement in the treatment of animals in Trieste since Mrs. Burton began work, notwithstanding the opposition offered on all sides, and at her recent *fière* at Trieste she was able to give away numerous prizes and diplomas for kindness. Mrs. Burton and her assistants now know every owner, driver, and stable in Trieste. They have bought many animals unfit for work, and had them killed, have obtained punishment for those who ill-used the wretched brutes, have assisted poor owners to feed the animals in time of scarcity, and in deserving cases have supplied new horses out of their funds, while they now have a good hospital stable to receive and treat sick beasts—a most valuable institution. Another point is to obtain a more merciful invention for lassoing stray dogs in the streets—a duty belonging to the Schinder, or dog slaughterer, whom Mrs. Burton fees to do his work more humanely—as the poor brutes are nearly strangled by an iron wire, and meanwhile a Dogs' Home has been established, instead of the former wretched cages in which they waited to be claimed. Many other branches of the work are well carried on, and help in money will be most valuable and judiciously expended if sent by cheque to Mrs. Burton, British Consulate, Trieste.



AN ITALIAN EDITION OF THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL is to be published, the *Italian Times* tells us, in addition to the French translation being prepared by Madame Marie Drouart.

A PATRIOTIC BACHELORS' LEAGUE has been formed at Prague, whose members undertake never to choose a wife of any but Czech race, so as to combat the German element in Austria-Hungary.

THREE SEPARATE SKELETONS OF GUTTEAU, President Garfield's assassin, are now being exhibited in the United States—his skeleton when he was a boy, his skeleton before he shot Garfield, and his skeleton when he was hanged.

THE WELL-KNOWN RAILWAY COLLIE DOG, "HELP," which has been collecting subscriptions throughout the country on behalf of the Railway Servants' Orphanage, London, was killed on Wednesday by a passenger train at a level railway crossing at Middlesbrough. We published his portrait in No. 719, September 8, 1883.

THE ROMAN CARNIVAL does not promise very well this year, for the authorities sternly prohibit the Barberi races—one of the chief Carnival attractions for which nothing can compensate the Roman people. The Carnival Committee offer a prize of 160*l*. for the best masquerade produced on the Thursday in the Carnival Week.

A DRUM LOTTERY has been introduced by Italian fashionables for the benefit of the Naples poor. The prizes are miniature drums, elaborately painted by the first artists of the day, with military and animal subjects, charming heads, seascapes, &c., and there is quite a rage for these warlike symbols as drawing-room ornaments.

CIVIL MARRIAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA is not a lengthy rite. The *Colonies* mentions that a happy pair entered the Queen's Town House, smiling and ogling one another, the bridegroom paid a 5*l*. note, signed a document, took his spouse by the arm and walked her out of the building, saying "How do you do, Mrs. —?" The ceremony lasted just two minutes.

BRITISH LITERARY AND ARTISTIC TREASURES seem to be warmly coveted by Germany. After securing the Hamilton MSS., the Germans are stated to be watching for the Blenheim Collection of pictures, if the Duke of Marlborough parts with these precious heirlooms; and it is believed that the recent Parliamentary grant of 100,000*l*. was intended for their purchase.

A MEMENTO OF HER CANADIAN VISIT has been presented to the Princess Louise by loyal subjects in the Dominion—the chair she used on the opening and closing of the Canadian Parliament. On the back is this inscription: "Presented to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise by the Ministers of the Dominion of Canada, advisers to his Excellency the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, 1883."

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—At a general meeting of the members, summoned in consequence of the resignation of Mr. Louis Haghe, K.L., who has for many years been the President of the Society, Mr. James D. Linton was elected President, and Mr. J. H. Mole Vice-President. The title of Honorary President was at the same time conferred upon Mr. Haghe as a mark of the esteem and regard of the members for his long and valued services.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON is being actively organised, and a large amount of space has been applied for. So far as can be judged at present, Belgium, China, and India will be best represented. China will occupy the same quarters as at the Fisheries, and will provide a native tea-garden, restaurant, and shop, while every effort is being made to ensure a good show of the Indian tea industry. At the Prince of Wales's request, the London Water Companies will exhibit in a special pavilion the appliances for the supply, filtration, &c., of water, with diagrams showing the various processes and localities, and they will also erect a fountain to be lighted by electricity.

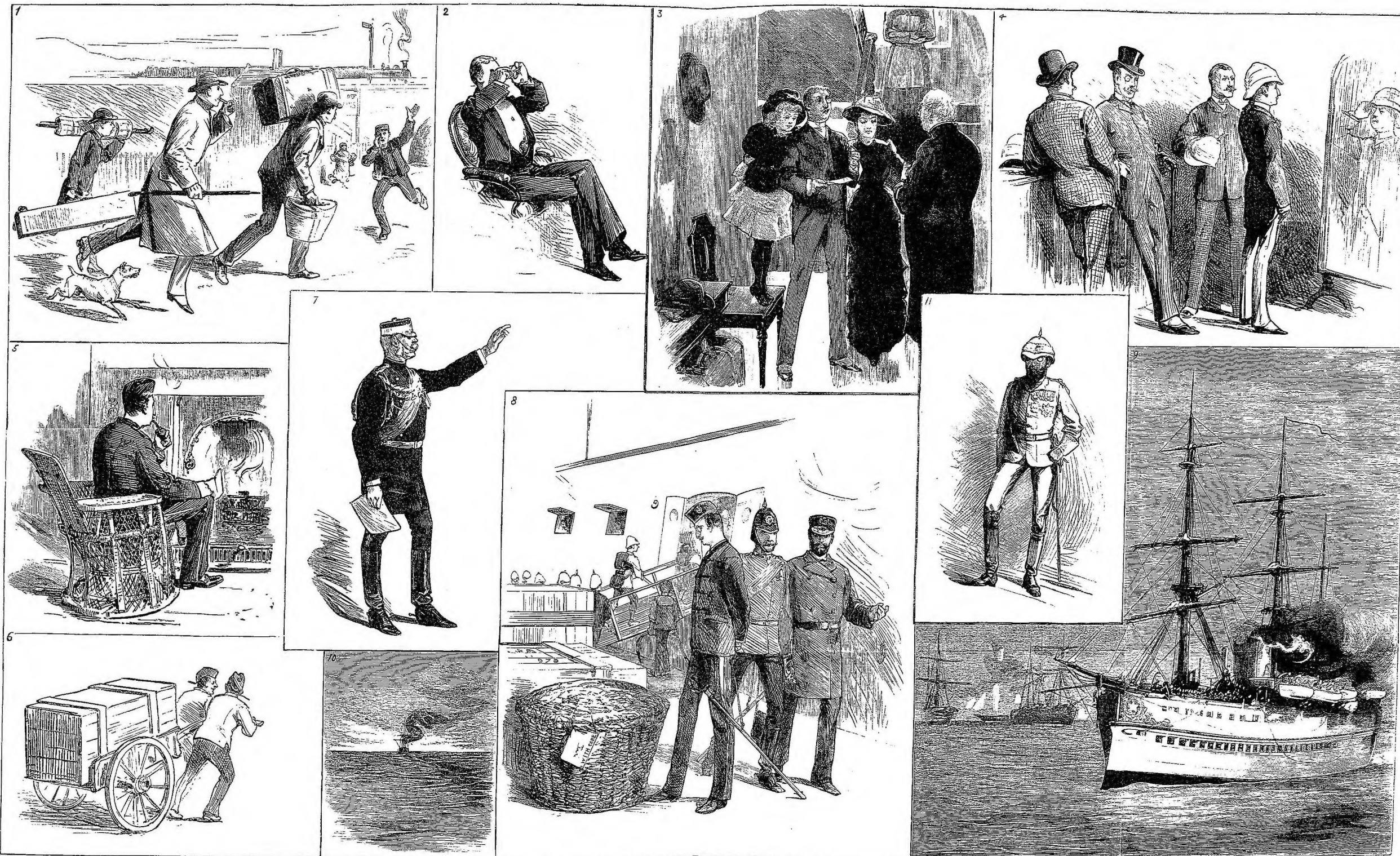
AN INDIAN BELT LIBEL CASE has been narrowly escaped in Calcutta. The models of the aboriginal tribes in the Exhibition, which were made by a Kishnagar native artist, specially brought down to Calcutta, were taken under the particular protection of an Exhibition official, who mysteriously professed to have had much to do with their success. One morning, the *Times of India* tells us, a well-known artist found the official working at a newly-completed figure; and, on the painter joking the official on his ignorance of modelling, the latter pointed to the other figures as evidence of his skill. Finally the artist bet the official that if shut up alone he could not produce anything of the kind, and the challenge was wrathfully accepted. Clay and tools were supplied; but, after several hours' hard work, the boastful official was found sitting forlorn and hopeless beside something that looked like the block on which Hindoos make their turbans.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,528 deaths were registered, against 1,499 during the previous seven days, a rise of 29, being no less than 408 below the average, and at the rate of 19.8 per 1,000. These were 2 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 2), 35 from measles (an increase of 16), 22 from scarlet fever (a fall of 12), 26 from diphtheria (a rise of 7), 83 from whooping-cough (an increase of 5), 21 from enteric fever, 1 from simple continued fever, 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 7), and 1 from simple cholera. Diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 334 deaths, a decline of 13, and 241 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 69 deaths; 60 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 29 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 4 from poison, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,649 births against 2,714 during the previous week, being 160 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42.7 deg., and 3.8 deg. above the average.

MR. BARNUM'S WHITE ELEPHANT has aroused fresh interest in the famous showman, and Transatlantic journals just now abound in histories and interviews respecting him. He has a beautiful home, Waldemere, at Bridgeport, Connecticut; his grounds covering eight or ten acres, and being embellished with miniature lakes. According to the report of an interview in the Bridgeport *Republican Sentinel*, Mr. Barnum looks plump, ruddy, lively, and active, as if he had juggled away a score of his seventy-four years, while he has been a teetotaler for thirty-five years, and has given up smoking since 1860. He tells the reporter that he is up at 7 A.M., does all his work before noon—his house being connected with the New York office by special wire—takes a drive before dinner in the middle of the day and a brief nap afterwards. Then comes another drive, an hour's reading, and the evening is spent in card-playing with friends until bedtime at ten. Mr. Barnum's wealth is considerable; for, besides the famous show, he is a stockholder in two sewing-machine companies, owns three newspapers, a cattle ranch, and an immense amount of house property. He has lost four or five fortunes by fire. He cleared 160,000*l*. in 1882 by the show, notwithstanding the working expenses, which last season amounted to over 1,200*l*. daily. Mr. Barnum has been twice married, and has had three daughters, but no son.



THE TURF.—The Sandown Park Meeting has been a fair success, though perhaps many who would otherwise have put in an appearance there were attracted to the plains of Altcar to witness the battle of Waterloo between the "Long-tails." The racing itself did not produce much excitement, but the victory of the rogue Sachem in the "Grand" Hurdle Race in a field of seven may be noted. The "open ditch" controversy still continues, and the number of horses which have fallen at the new style of "obstacle" during the last few weeks will doubtless add force to the numerously



1. HE GETS TEN DAYS' LEAVE OF ABSENCE, NIPS OFF, AND CATCHES THE UP EXPRESS.—2. "TRAINS ARE SO CONFOUNDEDLY PUZZLING. MUST GO THROUGH TOWN, AND GET PORTAH AT THE CLUB TO DO BRADSHAW. AND WHILE IN TOWN MAY AS WELL DROP IN AT THE MASHERDONIAN THEATRE."—3. ON FINALLY ARRIVING AT HOME HE FINDS A TELEGRAM: "REJOIN AT ONCE FOR EMBARKATION FOR MAHDIHADES, RED SEA"—4. FINDS OTHER HEROES AT A. AND N. C. O. S. L., MOSTLY OVER 35; THOSE UNDER BUY TOOTH-BRUSHES, ETC., BUT FOR THE HEAVIER ARTICLES FALL BACK ON THEIR OUTFITTERS AND CREDIT.—5. THE EVE OF DEPARTURE, 11 P.M., MIXED FEELINGS: WAITING FOR THE OUTFIT, AND TEARING UP LETTERS AND BALL PROGRAMMES.—6. THE OUTFIT HAD BEEN TAKEN BY MISTAKE TO ANOTHER OFFICER'S QUARTERS.—7. WE ARE BLESSED BY OUR CHIEF ON PARADE. SEVERAL LADIES SHED TEARS.—8. ON EMBARKING, HE HAS TO DISCARD THE "HOME COMFORTS," AS THEY EXCEED THE CUBIC MEASUREMENT OF BAGGAGE ALLOWED.—9. OFF AT LAST.—10. THE LAST GLIMPSE.—11. AND MAY HE COME BACK BROWN, BEARDED, AND BOUNTIFULLY DECORÉ.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A SUBALTERN—ORDERED ON ACTIVE SERVICE WHILE ON LEAVE



THUS far General Gordon's mission to EGYPT has been an unqualified success. He arrived at Shendi yesterday (Friday) week, and at once sent on a proclamation to Khartoum, in which he acknowledged the Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, promised a remission of half the taxes, and, somewhat to the astonishment of the world in general, announced that the slave trade would be permitted. After remarking on the unpopularity of the anti-slavery measures, he declares that "henceforward no one will interfere with you in the matter, but every one for himself may take a man into his service. No one will interfere with him, and he can do what he pleases in the matter without interference from anybody; and we have accordingly given this order." The terms of this proclamation were received with unqualified delight at Khartoum, and on his arrival on Monday morning a perfect ovation awaited him. Thousands of people crowded round him to kiss his feet and hands, calling him the Sultan of the Soudan. With characteristic promptitude he at once set to work, summoned the officials to issue his orders regarding the new condition of things, and then held a popular *levée*, at which even the poorest Arab was permitted to be present. In his speech to the people he declared that he had come without soldiers, but with God on his side, and that he would not fight with any weapon but justice. He speedily followed up his words with actions, threw open the Palace offices to all complaints, and patiently heard every grievance. The prisons were visited, and numbers of unfortunates released. The books recording the taxation debts of the people were publicly burnt, together with the kourbashas and whips, the implements of authority with which the Government has hitherto been carried on. The enthusiasm of the inhabitants seems to have known no bounds; the whole town that evening was a blaze of illumination, the Bazaar was hung with cloth and coloured lamps, the private houses were bountifully decorated, while the negro population indulged in a display of fireworks.

Thus the greatest confidence is universally expressed in General Gordon, and it is considered that he will be able to safely withdraw the garrison and population, not only of Khartoum, but of the more southern towns, without firing a shot. The white troops are to be transferred to Omdurman on the White Nile, and thence sent down the river with such of the population as wish to leave, while the town will be left in charge of the Soudanese troops under Afresh Bey Shilook, a negro who fought under Bazaine in the ill-fated Mexican campaign. Meanwhile little is heard of the enemy round Khartoum. The Governor of Senaar, from whom letters have been received, has succeeded in sending ammunition to Mesalimia, where Sala Bey and a garrison of 1,000 men are besieged. The whole of that district seems to have declared for the Mahdi, but there is no news of any important move forward.

At Cairo Gordon's successful journey has caused a deep feeling of relief, but the main interest of the hour has lain in the despatch of the British Expedition to Suakim. Much soreness has been felt amongst the British officers at the refusal to permit any portion of the new Egyptian army to take part in the operations. Curiously enough, at the same time comes a story of two petitions presented to the Khédive by some Egyptian soldiers who had been selected to accompany the British force as camel drivers, protesting against being compelled to serve under British officers. The signatories, all but five, declared the documents to be forgeries. These five were sentenced to imprisonment for illegally petitioning the Khédive direct. The remainder volunteered to go with the most apparent willingness. The troops forming the expedition numbers some 5,000 men. From Cairo alone 3,000 have been despatched, including 400 cavalry, 120 artillery, 100 engineers, three line regiments (2,100 men), and 150 of the Army Service Corps. In addition to those at Suakim, there are the 10th Hussars, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the York and Lancaster Regiments, together with the large force of marines which has been told off from the fleet. In consequence of the number of troops leaving for Suakim, Sir E. Baring has asked the Home Government for reinforcements, which have accordingly been sent. It is probable that a couple of British regiments will accompany the British troops to Assouan. Of course there is a certain amount of grumbling at the military arrangements. Thus fault is found in certain quarters at the paucity of cavalry, at the absence of transport, and at the British troops exchanging their chargers for Egyptian horses, while the policy of taking no artillery is severely commented upon, particularly as the rebels appear to be fast learning the use of the captured Krupps.

At Suakim troops have been arriving throughout the week, and all have been busily preparing for the expedition. General Graham was expected to arrive yesterday (Friday), and would at once proceed to Trinkitat, whence the march might be begun to-morrow (Sunday). The line of advance adopted will probably be that taken by Baker Pasha, though this is not certain. That officer has been appointed Chief of the Intelligence Department of the Expedition, and on the arrival of his old regiment, the 10th Hussars, at Suakim, was recognised with loud and hearty cheers by the men. Two men have escaped from Tokar, and reported that the town could hold out if the expedition were promptly despatched. The enemy, however, were massing round the town, and firing upon it with the captured Krupp guns. Admiral Hewett has written to Osman Digna, stating that if the troops were not attacked on their way to relieve Tokar, they would molest no one, and useless bloodshed would thereby be avoided. To this, with the characteristic consistency which he has maintained throughout, the chieftain replied that, while regretting the inevitable bloodshed, though those who would accept the Mahdi would not suffer, he felt obliged to take Tokar, and subsequently would be obliged to compel the British to leave Suakim. On Sunday the outer chain of forts was attacked by the rebels, who, however, were ultimately compelled to retire, while movements of large bodies of rebels have been observed in the neighbourhood. Every precaution is taken against any attack in force on the camp. Further news of the fall of Sinkat, and the defeat and massacre of the unfortunate garrison and inhabitants, states that of those accompanying Tewfik in his desperate sortie, 200 women, and nearly the same number of children, were killed. Those who remained in Sinkat appear to have been spared, but it is stated that the rebels were so enraged at finding so little in the town that their lives are in great danger. The rebels appear to have been mainly of the Hadendowas, the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of all the tribes, and a portion of whom are now besieging Kassala. This important centre, however, is well provisioned and garrisoned. The Abyssinians, about whom considerable apprehension had been felt, are perfectly quiet, and Colonel Wylde, who has just returned from the frontier, states that both King Johannes and Ras-el-Ullah, the Commander-in-Chief, are very friendly, both to the Egyptian Government and to the Christian Governor of Massowah.

In FRANCE the Chambers have been discussing the Seditious Manifestations Bill, and the Cabinet has been defeated over the clause by which such offences should be decided by a magistrate. The Chamber submitted they should be referred to a jury. M. Paul Bert's Primary Education Bill has been sharply criticised by

the Clericals and Mgr. Freppel, who protested against the proposed exclusive employment of laymen as teachers. "This," he declared, "was a sorry response to the Pope's conciliatory Encyclical. It would be a war cry in reply to a message of peace." On his part M. Bert advocated the measure as part of the programme of the Great Revolution, and a step towards the separation of Church and State; and his hearers evidently concurred in this view, as the clause was voted by 377 to 137. Other topics have been a Jeromist meeting on Sunday, at which nothing particular was done. Prince Victor still continues loyal to his father, and prohibited a counter Bonapartist meeting which M. de Cassagnac wished to hold. On Monday the Annual Dinner took place of the British Chamber of Commerce, at which M. de Lesseps of course made a speech on the Suez Canal. He declared that the Canal was of no country—"it was universal;" and it was doing him wrong to say that he wished to make it a French work. Referring to his visit to England, where he stated he had been everywhere applauded, he eulogised Mr. Gladstone as "the noblest and most honest man he knew," and one who would never interfere with a property "which belonged to civilisation, to the world, and to no nation in particular." In PARIS there is very little to chronicle, except the Cattle Show, which is a great success this year, and the elections at the Académie on Thursday, when M. François Coppée and M. de Lesseps, whose nominations were unopposed, were to be chosen members. From Tonquin there is no news, save of the arrival of reinforcements—General Millot having now fresh troops to the extent of 4,500 infantry, two artillery, and eight mountain batteries.

GERMANY and the UNITED STATES, already estranged on the pig-meat question, are on the verge of another petty quarrel. The House of Representatives recently passed a vote of condolence on the occasion of the death of Dr. Lasker, the well-known National Liberal Chieftain, and directed the resolution to be forwarded through the German Ambassador to Berlin for presentation to the Reichstag. Prince Bismarck, however, who was a very bitter opponent of Dr. Lasker, has returned the resolution to Washington, stating that he could not advise the Emperor to lay it before Parliament, for by doing so he would be identifying himself with the opinion stated therein, that "Dr. Lasker's firm and constant expositions of free and Liberal ideas have materially advanced the social, political, and economic condition of the German people." This, Prince Bismarck states, does not correspond with the facts of his own experience gained "by an active participation for more than twenty years in the domestic policy of Germany."

ITALY has been startled by an alleged attempt to assassinate King Humbert. As the King was returning by train last week from a hunting expedition, a carabineer, who was guarding the line between Montalto and Corneto, was attacked by four persons armed with guns. He made a gallant defence, however, and wounding one with his revolver his assailants took to flight, leaving behind them a bottle containing powder with a lighted fuse. The incident has caused considerable excitement, but it is thought that no actual attempt against the King's life was intended, but that it was hoped to create a general feeling of insecurity. Wednesday was the sixth anniversary of the Pope's accession, and there were several grand receptions at the Vatican. A note has been addressed to the Papal Nuncios with regard to the proposed conversion of the landed property of the Propaganda into Rentes. Signor Mancini, on the part of the Cabinet, has also addressed a Note to the Ambassadors abroad, declaring that the Government will not take governmental action in the matter, but only execute the decision of the Court. The question is one, he declares, not of spoliation or of hostile measure, but of a simple conversion. He concludes, however, by a firm declaration that any interference of a foreign Power in Italian justice is inadmissible.

The annexation of Merv to RUSSIA is now practically an accomplished fact. General Romanoff, the Governor of the Transcaspian, has telegraphed to the Czar, stating that on February 1st, at Arkabad, the Khan of four tribes of Merv Turcomans accepted unconditional allegiance to the Czar, confirming it with a solemn oath for themselves and the whole people of Merv. The reason for this as given is that "The Turcomans of Merv came to this decision from the conviction that they cannot govern themselves, and that only the strong government of your Majesty can introduce and secure order and prosperity among them." As usual in Central Asian politics, this step has been taken when England is occupied with other matters, and the event has been received with great jubilation by the St. Petersburg press, whose writers, moreover, rejoice at the changed tone of the English journals with regard to Merv. Thus the *St. Petersburg Journal* congratulates its readers on "this sensible, calm, and just appreciation of the English public, in the interest of the amicable relationship which the two Governments desire to maintain in that part of the world." Merv is now, of course, to be militarily occupied, and General Tcherniaeff has despatched a force thither. He is stated to be of opinion that Merv will make a first-class armed centre which would command Central Asia. As the Russians are now firmly established within measurable distance of Persia and of Afghanistan, we shall probably hear a good deal of more frontier troubles very soon, and of the danger with which Russian Central Asia is threatened by the unruly Afghans and intriguing Persians, and of the necessity of Russian garrisons in both those countries. Already we hear rumours of a proclamation of Ayoub Khan to the inhabitants of Herat announcing his intention "with the assistance of his protector the Czar to invade Afghanistan at the head of an armed host, and to reconquer the kingdom of his fathers."

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, news comes from SERVIA of a change of Ministry owing to the great success of the Progressist party, who have secured a majority over the adherents of M. Christics. This gentleman accordingly resigned, and a new Cabinet has been formed by M. Garachanin, which contains several members of the former Pirochanatz Ministry.—In SPAIN there is a lull in politics, and the King is preparing to entertain the Comte and Comtesse de Paris.—In AUSTRIA the Lower House has voted the proposals of the Government to suspend certain constitutional guarantees so as to more effectually combat the Socialist agitation.—In INDIA the Calcutta Exhibition, which has been far more successful than had been expected, is to be closed on March 8. With regard to the investigation of the origin of cholera which certain German doctors are investigating, Dr. Koch has found that certain *bacilli* exist in the intestines of patients who have died of cholera which are not detected in other dead bodies; and, moreover, that the examination of water in a tank in the locality of an affected quarter showed precisely the same *bacilli*.



THE QUEEN has returned to Windsor. Before leaving Osborne Her Majesty received Miss Gordon, sister of General Gordon, and was visited by the Duke of Teck. On Saturday evening Lady and Miss Biddulph dined with the Queen, and afterwards Her Majesty received Captain the Hon. R. Drummond and Lieutenant Barlow,

officers of the Guard of the Seaforth Highlanders stationed at Cowes. Next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. Canon Prothro officiated. Her Majesty and the Princess, accompanied by the two children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, left Osborne on Tuesday morning, crossed to Gosport in the *Alberta*, and reached Windsor Castle in time for lunch. Here the Queen will stay until she leaves for Germany to attend the Royal Wedding at Darmstadt. The first Drawing Room of the Season will be held on the 14th prox., not the 13th as originally announced.

The Princess of Wales on Saturday went to the Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, and in the evening accompanied the Prince to dine with the Duke of Cambridge. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service. The Duke of Albany lunched with the Prince and Princess on Monday, and afterwards the Prince, with Lord Carington and Dr. Buchanan, visited privately some of the poorest localities in the districts of St. Pancras and Holborn, as he takes the greatest interest in the condition of the London poor, and intends to serve on the Royal Commission for inquiring into the state of their dwellings. Later the Prince went to the House of Lords, and in the evening accompanied the Princess to the Gaiety Theatre. Tuesday night he was in the House of Commons, and awaited the result of the division on the Vote of Censure, while the Princess took her daughters to the Drury Lane Pantomime. Wednesday was the seventeenth birthday of the Prince and Princess's eldest daughter, Princess Louise, and on Thursday the Prince was to hold a *levée* at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen.—The Prince and Princess will give a small dance at Marlborough House on March 10th—the twenty-first anniversary of their wedding; on the 12th they will be present at the *tableaux* at Princes' Hall in aid of the building fund of the Club and Home for Working Girls, Soho, and on the 17th the Prince will attend the meeting of the Institute of Agriculture to hear Mr. Wood's paper on "Ensilage."—Prince Albert Victor having recently been created Knight of the Garter, his banner and insignia have been placed in the choir of St. George's, Windsor, between those of the Dukes of Connaught and Cambridge.—Prince George is now on his way to Barbadoes in the *Canada*.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Palermo from Cagliari with part of the Channel Squadron at the end of last week, and on Sunday formally visited the Communal Council, the Mayor and officials receiving him at the Town Hall. The Duke and Squadron have now gone to Terra Nova. Before leaving Cagliari the Duke was present at a special theatrical performance given to raise funds for a monument to the late tenor, Signor Mario, and the Duke's valse "Galatea" was played in honour of the Royal visitor. The Duchess is going the round of the London theatres. She was at the Haymarket on Saturday night, at the Savoy on Monday, and the Court on Tuesday.—The Duke of Albany on Saturday presided at a meeting of the Committee of the Royal Tapestry Works, Windsor. He recently sang at an amateur concert at Esher in aid of the village national schools, and chose "The Sands of Dee."

The Royal Wedding at Darmstadt on April 15th will be attended by a large assemblage of Royal guests, as besides the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Dukes and Duchesses of Edinburgh and Albany, the German Emperor and the Crown Prince and Princess intend to be present. Queen Victoria and Emperor William have not met since Her Majesty was at Baden in 1876. A long programme of *fêtes* has been arranged, including a gala theatrical representation, for which an opera by an English composer has been chosen—Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*. It is still doubtful whether the Princess Elizabeth will be married on the same day as her elder sister, but the Grand Duke Sergius is expected at Darmstadt at the end of this month, when the engagement will be formally announced. Religious difficulties have caused the delay, the Princess and her family having refused to conform to the Russian custom for wives of the Grand Dukes to be converted to the Greek Church, the Grand Duchess Vladimir being at present the only Protestant Princess who has retained her faith. The point, however, has at last been waived.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria are going on a long Eastern tour.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, presiding on Tuesday at a meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to promote the Sunday closing of public-houses, spoke very strongly in favour of immediate legislation with that object.

THE REV. H. SCOTT HOLLAND is to be the new Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's in succession to Dr. Stubbs, elevated to the Bishopric of Chester. Mr. Holland was a Balliol man, and took a First-class in Classics in 1870. In 1871 he became Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford, Mr. Gladstone's college.

WHEN THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY was last week prorogued, the Lower House, which was considering the report of the Committee on that of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commissioners, had not finished the discussion on the constitution and functions of the Final Court of Appeal. The resolutions which it has passed were generally favourable to the adoption of the recommendations of the Commissioners.

IN REPLYING TO THE LETTER (previously summarised in this column) of the Chairman of the Church Association in reference to St. Peter's, London Docks, and the license given to Mr. Mackonochie to officiate in the Diocese, the Bishop of London says that he cannot, with due regard to the office which he holds, admit any responsibility to that Association as representing the Church of England.—The new Vicar of St. Peter's avows that to a letter of the Church Association he owed his first knowledge of certain objectionable cards hung up in his church. These he has removed, and also, at the request of the Bishop of London, the confessional-boxes, which had been placed in it without due authorisation.

IN A CONTRIBUTION to the newspaper controversy respecting the precise character of the late Lord Lyndhurst's Marriage Law legislation, the Bishop of Oxford asks why, if a man ought not to marry the near kindred of his wife, he should be free to marry her sister? Then, again, if he ought to be able to marry her sister, why should he not be permitted to marry her niece? To allow the nearer and prohibit the more distant degree, as is proposed by advocates of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, the Bishop of Oxford considers to be a strange proceeding.

HAVING BEEN CONSULTED on the point by the Secretary of the Marriage Law Defence Union, Dr. Phillimore has given it as his opinion, based on the language of the Divorce Act of 1857, that a man can no more marry his divorced wife's sister than he can his dead wife's sister.

PRESIDING at an Evangelistic meeting in Homerton, the Lord Mayor, after the conclusion of the sermon, addressed some remarks to the audience on the vital importance of religion.

IN ANTICIPATION of Mr. Dhlwyn's motion for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, a series of meetings to promote that object are being held in the Principality under the auspices of the Liberation Society.



THE prolonged debate on Sir Stafford Northcote's resolution happily came to an end at two o'clock on Wednesday morning. For all practical purposes, and for the better disposition of public time, the end might have come at the same hour on the previous Wednesday. These long drawn out debates on party motions are always wearisome beyond expression. If there had been any doubt about the result the debate would have been invested with an interest that would have informed the speeches with life. As it was, the conclusion, after Mr. Gladstone's speech on Tuesday in last week, was foregone. Every one knew that the Government would have a substantial majority, and the only debateable point was whether the Parnellites would stand aside and leave the issue to be tried by the two parties which it concerned, or whether they would, following their usual habit, cast in their lot with the Conservatives. They did their best to maintain the interest by frequent meetings and constant postponement of decision. They brought their wares into the market-place, and with something less than usual of decent pretence they dangled them in the eyes of the Government, and sought to strike a bargain. The particular price they asked was the dismissal of Irish magistrates alleged to have distinguished themselves on the side of the Orange Party in the recent winter campaign. To that end the paper was crowded with questions for two or three nights preceding the division. But Mr. Trevelyan, though courteous, was firm, and with a pretty air of not knowing anything of the thirty-four votes in the market, answered upon the merits of each case, which it appeared did not lie with the Parnellites.

There have been one or two dramatic episodes to vary the long, level monotony of the talk. Mr. Marriott succeeded in momentarily fixing attention upon himself by his open declaration of conversion to Conservatism, and his announcement of his intention to give up his seat and seek re-election. Mr. Forster's speech, in which he twitted his old colleagues and denounced their policy, varied another evening. Mr. Forster's address is generally regarded as being the strongest indictment of the Ministry, and some natural surprise was excited when, having made an end of speaking, and having shown that the Government had blundered at every step, he declared his intention of voting with them. Mr. Cowen was more logical in the conclusion of his speech, a delivery only twenty minutes long, but polished in every sentence, and set forth with the skill and effect of Heaven-born oratory. Mr. Cowen was more personally bitter in his tone than Mr. Forster, who was from time to time pulled up by recollection of his connection with the party. He had amongst his audience Mr. Gladstone, a circumstance which, perhaps, pointed many of the stinging remarks. A fourth notable speech was that of Mr. Goschen, who speaks with unusual authority on matters relating to Egypt. Like Mr. Forster, the member for Ripon is an old colleague of gentlemen in the present Cabinet; but, unlike Mr. Forster, the circumstance of his services having been dispensed with does not seem to rankle in his breast. There was no lack of frank criticism in his speech, which pretty clearly made out that, up to a certain point, the Government were going wrong, and that only at the last moment had they taken the better course. But, whilst Mr. Forster was eager to make the very worst of everything, Mr. Goschen was studious to present everything in its best light. On the whole it is doubtful whether his speech, with its careful assumption of friendliness of intention and judicial manner, was not more damaging to the Government he befriended than was Mr. Forster's ponderous onslaught.

Like Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen came to the conclusion that he would vote with his party, two circumstances combined which testify to the strength of the position of the Government. Mr. Goschen perhaps put the matter in a true light when he emphatically declared, amid prolonged cheering from the throng of Liberals, that he "had not the temerity to give a blank political cheque to Lord Salisbury." The Government might not be faultless, but there was no proof that others might not only not be better, but would be infinitely worse. If men like Mr. Forster with his strong personal feeling, and Mr. Goschen with his Whig tendencies and his judicial mind, were determined to vote for the Government at the present crisis, other men of whom they were types would surely follow in their footsteps. This the debate had some days earlier made clear. There are always defections from the Liberal ranks at critical periods; but at this epoch there seemed likely to be singularly few, an expectation justified by the result.

It was hoped that the division might take place not later than one in the morning. That it should arrive earlier would have been an outrage upon Parliamentary usage. The thing to do is to occupy the whole of a sitting with talk by Members to whom no one listens, whom no newspaper reports. Then, when the precious working hours of the night are gone, gentlemen who have been away comfortably dining come down in evening dress, secure their seats, and the real performance begins. Up to Mr. Goschen's appearance on the stage, which happened at half-past ten, the proceedings of the sitting, with the exception of Mr. Cowen's address, were absolutely without interest or importance. They were like the *lever de rideau* which precedes the attraction of a theatre. Midnight had already struck when Lord Hartington rose, and it was thought that he would finish his address in half an hour or forty minutes, and Sir Stafford Northcote would occupy the remaining space up to one o'clock, when the division bell would ring. But Lord Hartington had evidently primed himself for a great effort, and was not to be deterred by the lateness of the hour, or the quandary of Sir S. Northcote, from availing himself of his opportunity. He spoke for nearly an hour and a half, and distinctly advanced his Parliamentary reputation. It is hard to say anything new, or even to put old things in a new way, at the end of a five nights' debate. But Lord Hartington managed to impress his wearied audience with a sense of his own vigour, the sincerity of his convictions, and the power of his arguments.

Sir Stafford Northcote, whom misfortune has pursued throughout this political episode, found himself on his feet at half-past one in the morning, with a House, it is true, crowded in every part, but anxious chiefly for the division. He began very well, inspired by the unusual liveliness of Lord Hartington. But after proceeding for a quarter of an hour there was strongly borne in upon him the futility of the proceedings, and, generously sacrificing a sheaf of notes, he wound up with a few forced sentences of hope and confidence. At ten minutes past two the division bell rung, and a sigh of satisfaction escaped the crowded House. Every bench was filled, and members overflowing sought the side galleries and looked down upon the scene below. The Prince of Wales arrived at midnight, and took his seat over the clock, where there were gathered a dozen peers enjoying the unwonted excitement of being out so late at night. The Strangers' Gallery was thronged in every part, and outside, even at this hour of the morning, there was a long queue of disappointed waiters for places. The Irish members walked out shoulder to shoulder with the Conservative party. The division, though 573 took part in it, was not so long in accomplishment as some of lesser note, where the minority has been smaller. The Liberals were back first, an incident which spread some uneasiness over the Treasury Bench, where Mr. Gladstone sat,

industriously finishing his nightly letter to the Queen. If the Liberal Lobby had emptied first, there could not be so many as was looked for. There was no excitement when the paper was handed to Lord Richard Grosvenor. It was known that the Ministers would triumph; but by how much? When the figures were read out, showing 262 for the Vote of Censure, and 311 against, there was a momentary pause whilst members worked out the little sum that showed the majority. When they found that it was 49, against the combined forces of the Parnellites and an urgent muster of Conservatives, loud and prolonged cheering burst forth from Liberal throats, and was continued as the crowd hurried to the doors, and thronged the lobbies.

On Wednesday it was expected that Mr. Bradlaugh, re-elected for Northampton, would present himself to take the oath. In anticipation of this event, a crowd of Conservatives hurried down. But Mr. Bradlaugh did not appear, and the afternoon was appropriated to a continuance of the squabble between members of the National League and the Orange party in the House of Commons.



CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Saturday Concerts were resumed on the 16th instant, and they will now be continued until April 26, when Mr. Manns will take his annual benefit. Last Saturday's programme included the Eighth (the "Kleine") Symphony of Beethoven, the first movement (fortunately not the whole work) of Bernhard Romberg's violoncello concerto in B minor, No. 9, some songs for Madame Carlotta Patti, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's orchestral ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," written for the Philharmonic Society last year, and the ballet music from M. Saint Sæns' opera, *Henry VIII.* The last proved to be the music to the *divertissement* danced before the English Court. With veritable Gallic perversity, M. Saint Sæns has commenced his *fête* with a dance of Highlanders, the "Entry of the Clans" being curiously enough announced by the familiar strains of an undoubted English melody, "The Miller of the Dee." A Scotch idyll, gipsy dance, *gigue*, and finale, are included in this music, in the course of which the hearer will recognise an *alla podrida* of "The Broom o' Cowdenknowes," and "Love's Young Dream," "Haste to the Wedding," and "The Highland Laddie." The French composer has apparently as supreme a contempt for the fitness of things as had the late Herr Volkmann, who introduced an "ancient British war song," into his *Richard III.* overture. The ancient British war song in question proved to be "The Campbells are Coming."

ANTON DVORAK.—It is now arranged that this famous Bohemian composer will arrive in London next week, and will, during the second week of March, conduct his *Stabat Mater* at a special concert to be given at the Royal Albert Hall. He will likewise appear at the Philharmonic Concert on March 20, and will conduct his second *Rhapsodie Slave*, a new overture *Husitská*, and possibly his Symphony in D. The Dvorak *Stabat Mater*, first introduced by Mr. Joseph Barnby at a semi-private concert given by the London Musical Society last year, will probably be the principal event of the early musical season.

SUNDAY CONCERTS IN SCOTLAND.—The past few months have witnessed the adoption of the "kist o' whistles" in the Scottish Kirk. But few people would have imagined that the present year should see the establishment, under the presidency of Professor Tyndall, of a series of Sunday evening concerts in Glasgow. The stern sanctity of the Scottish Sabbath is proverbial, and it is not very long since the performance of music in a private house on Sunday was a police offence. Housekeepers subsequently acquired some idea that an *adagio* of any sort might be sacred, and by a similar process of reasoning they arrived at the conclusion that any sort of *allegro* must be secular, if not profane. From that moderate state of affairs to the establishment of a series of so-called "sacred" concerts, with an orchestra of fifty performers under Herr Franz Groening, is, however, an immense step. The "sacred" programme included the C minor Symphony by Beethoven, a selection from Rossini's *Moses in Egypt* (once known at Covent Garden as an opera), a serenade in canon form for strings, by Herr Henschel, and a movement from Hofmann's *Hungarian Suite*. With veritable Scottish caution a note is appended to the invitation, "Collection in Silver." The humble bawbee is, of course, quite out of the running.

THE BENEDICT TESTIMONIAL.—The first list of subscribers to the testimonial to be presented to Sir Julius Benedict at his fiftieth annual concert given in London, and on the attainment of his eightieth year, was closed on Saturday night. At the head of the subscription-list, we are informed, stands the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The list will speedily be published, and a meeting of the subscribers will be held in a few days at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the presidency of the Earl of Lathom, to consider the best way in which an appeal may be made to the general public, and to decide the form the testimonial shall take. Meanwhile, the popular musician has quite recovered from his recent illness, and has resumed his professional duties.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Madame Norman Néruda bade farewell for this season to Monday Popular Concert audiences on Monday last. The distinguished violinist "led" the twentieth performance of the ever-popular "Rasoumowsky" Quartet in F, and took part with Miss Krebs and Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's piano trio in C minor, which had already thirteen times before been heard at these concerts. For her solos Madame Néruda played the early *Adagio* in E of Spohr, and the *Moto Perpetuo* of Paganini, the latter especially *apropos*, as last Monday happened to be the centenary of the famous violinist's birth. Being recalled and warmly applauded, Madame Néruda played a Barcarolle of Spohr, already often heard at these concerts. Miss Carlotta Elliott sang. On Saturday Mdlle. Janotha will play the "Moonlight," and on Monday Herr Joachim will reappear.

AMERICAN PIRACIES.—The Music Publishers' Association are about to offer a reward of 10*l.* for information which will lead to the conviction of importers of piratical reprints of copyright popular songs and pianoforte pieces. It seems that a regular trade has sprung up in cheap American reprints sent to England and sold at a low price here.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It is practically decided that an Italian version of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's opera, *Colomba*, shall be produced at Covent Garden this season, with Madame Pauline Lucca in the title character, created by Madame Valleria. The second novelty will probably be M. Reyer's *Sigurd*. The season will begin on April 29.

SCIENCE AND SINGING.—Mr. Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S., read an able paper on this subject before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts last week. Mr. Browne earnestly warned vocalists against breathing impure air, and assisting at "smoking concerts;" and he likewise investigated the latest idea of "artificial Italian air." He declared that peroxide of hydrogen had not been shown to be beneficial; while, of the two ingredients with which it was mixed, ammonia was a most poisonous gas, and peppermint was useless.

WAIFS.—Madame Patti, who will arrive in London in May,

has as yet definitely accepted no engagement here. The distinguished lady celebrated her forty-second birthday last Tuesday.—There is talk in Germany that Herr Brahms will this season pay his first visit to London.—Madame Albani commenced her Continental tour last week, at Brussels, in *Rigoletto*.—At the first Philharmonic concert on Thursday, under Mr. George Mount, Mr. Carrodus was announced to play Beethoven's violin concerto.—Señor Manuel Garcia, the eminent singer, teacher, and introducer of the laryngoscope, has been seriously ill, but is now better.—The programme of last Wednesday's Ballad Concert consisted chiefly of the national songs of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.—*Colomba* will be performed at the Royal wedding *fêtes* at Darmstadt. It is possible the Queen may be present.—Mr. George J. Bennett, who was rejected from the Mendelssohn Scholarship for the sake of Fraulein Würm, is to be sent to study abroad at the expense of Mr. Littleton, of the firm of Novello, Ewer, and Co.—The cantata *Jason* was performed under the direction of its composer, Mr. Prout, by the Hackney Choral Society on Tuesday.—Sir Edward Leas has purchased Mr. N. Holmes' great organ for the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, and is also organising a choir under Mr. Alfred Caldicott.—On Saturday, the 199th anniversary of Handel's birth, Mr. Manns will conduct, at the Crystal Palace, a performance of *Acis and Galatea*.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY

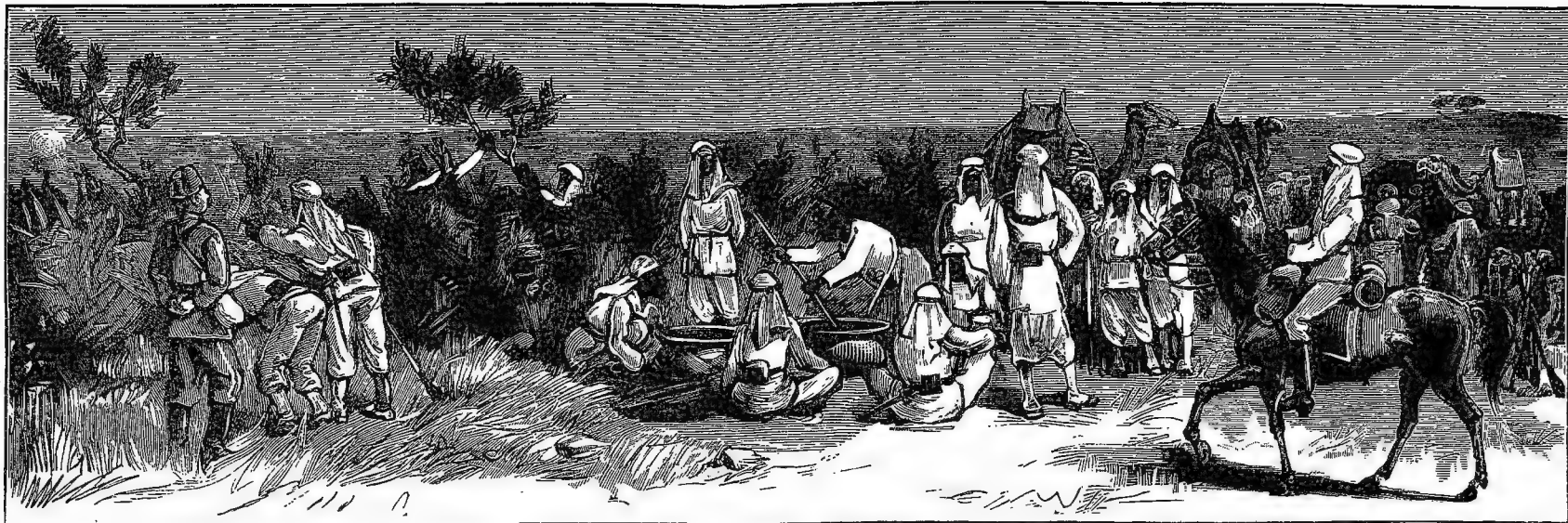
THE Water-Colour Exhibition which has just opened at the Dudley Gallery contains very few works by artists whose names are familiar to the public, and these are for the most part small and unimportant. Mr. G. Fripp sends a view of "Bray, on the Thames," and two smaller studies distinguished by his usual refinement of tone and finished workmanship; and Mr. John Brett two miniature studies on the Cornish coast, literally accurate in detail, but not especially interesting. The contributions of Mr. Herbert Marshall are more important. The largest of them, "The Foreshore at Blackfriars," with picturesque barges in the foreground and St. Paul's in the distance, is one of the best of many works of the kind that he has produced. It is remarkable as well for its atmospheric truth and excellent balance of light and colour, as for its accurate draughtsmanship and topographic fidelity. A smaller study by this artist, "The Port of Ipswich," painted with breadth and vigour, is full of daylight, and conveys a vivid impression of reality. Mr. Claude Hayes, who works with equal skill in oil and water-colours, exhibits several drawings, all showing accurate observation of Nature and a fine sense of colour. The wild moorland scene, "An Autumn Rain-Cloud," is especially noteworthy for its subtle gradations of low-toned colour, and truth of aerial effect. Fine qualities of colour, together with sound execution and good keeping, are also to be seen in this artist's drawing of a picturesque "Seaside Village Street," with a group of geese in the foreground. By Mr. E. Waterlow there is a good study of "An Old Chalk Pit," and by Mr. A. de Breanski a view of "Gwernan Lake," in which the warm glow of the setting sun on the mountain side is rendered with surprising force and fidelity. This is very much in advance of anything the painter has previously exhibited.

The pictures of Mr. Walter Langley are less satisfactory than some of his earlier productions have justified us in expecting. The largest of them is called "The Old Story," but, like the needy knife-grinder, the painter had apparently no story to tell. A peasant girl without beauty of face or grace of movement is seated in the foreground mending nets, while a weather-beaten old fisherman stands behind with a newspaper in his hands. There is no distinct expression in the face of either. And, besides its want of human interest, the picture is deficient in some very important qualities of art. Of the realistic power with which every part of it is painted, or of its finished workmanship, it would be difficult to speak too highly; but the materials of the subject have been arranged without any regard to harmony of line or simplicity of effect. It wants accordingly homogeneity and keeping. If, before beginning his picture, the artist had determined on a well-considered scheme of composition and light and shade, he would have produced an infinitely better work with less labour. A smaller picture of a girl reading "The Last Chapter," though not entirely free from the painter's prevailing faults, is a much more agreeable production. Mr. Norman Tayler's "A Fair Poacher" is finished in every part with elaborate care, but the peasant girl who is gathering brushwood is over-refined, and the general tone of the picture is unnecessarily monotonous.

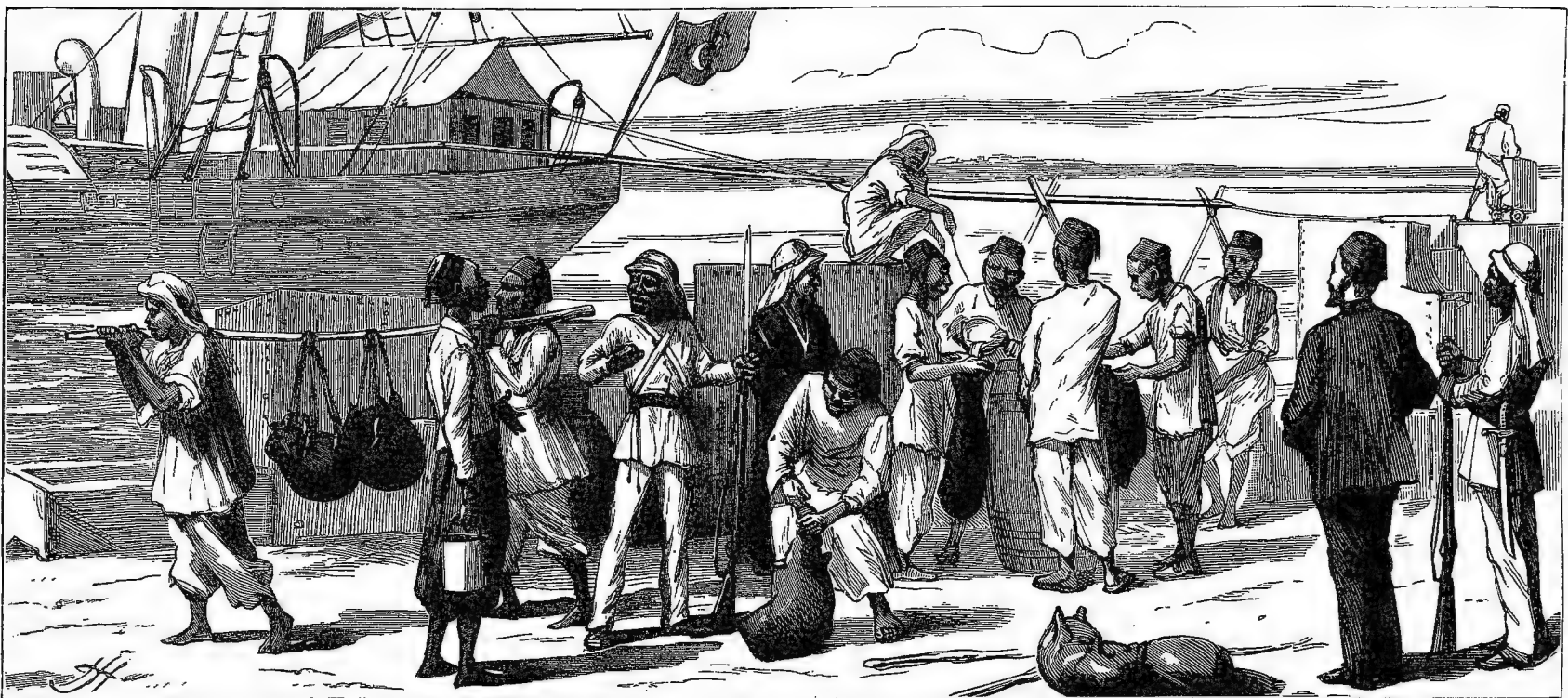
Drawings by unknown and presumably young painters constitute the main portion of the exhibition, and among them are several showing clear indications of artistic ability. The view, on "Scheveningen Beach," by Mr. R. Goff, who has adopted the style of the modern Dutch water-colour school, is charmingly fresh and pure in colour, and painted with unobtrusive dexterity. Mr. H. R. Steer's domestic scene of the last century, suggested by Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," shows little command of expression and a very imperfect perception of the significance of spontaneous gesture, but the composition and colour are good, and it is painted throughout with the skill of a practised hand. Among several very small drawings worthy of notice are a 'study,' "On the Severn Sea," strongly suggestive of light and air, by Mr. H. Simpson; a fresh and luminous sketch of "Boats Going Out," by Norah Davison, and several delicately-painted landscapes, bearing evidence of careful study of Nature, by Constance L. Fripp.



RECENT experiments in the way of original comedies by English authors have not been of a character to encourage the HAYMARKET management to rely on native talent. It is therefore hardly surprising that they have once more determined to fall back upon those Anglicised French pieces which, since the death of Mr. Robertson, have furnished the staple of the dramatic novelties which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have offered to the public. *Peril*, revived last Saturday evening, is a version of M. Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, originally brought out at the Prince of Wales's nearly eight years ago, and since allowed to rest in the managerial repertory. The cast bears little resemblance to that of 1876. Mr. Bancroft remains; but, instead of playing the part of the husband whose good-natured hospitality is both comically and seriously abused, he appears as the good-naturedly officious medical man, who exercises in this piece something like the function of the familiar middle-aged woman of the world who, on the French stage, assists the weak heroine to keep within the paths of rectitude, and baffles the machinations of profligate and unscrupulous admirers. Mrs. Kendal, as the wife, whose sentimental flirtations bring about that desperate struggle in the third act which always greatly excites and shocks the spectators, is now replaced by Mrs. Bernard Beere, while Mr. Forbes Robertson succeeds to the part of the husband. M. Sardou's curious habit of mingling farce with serious matters is rather strongly developed in this piece, but the adaptors have certainly not done much towards concealing this defect. Rather may they be said to have greatly aggravated it. Nevertheless there is much in *Peril* to amuse and



EGYPTIAN TROOPS BEING DRILLED IN MAKING THORN HEDGES OUTSIDE SUAKIM BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR TRINKITAT



THE CONDENSING SHIP "DIB EL BAHR" CONDENSING WATER FOR THE TROOPS AT TRINKITAT



Baker Pasha

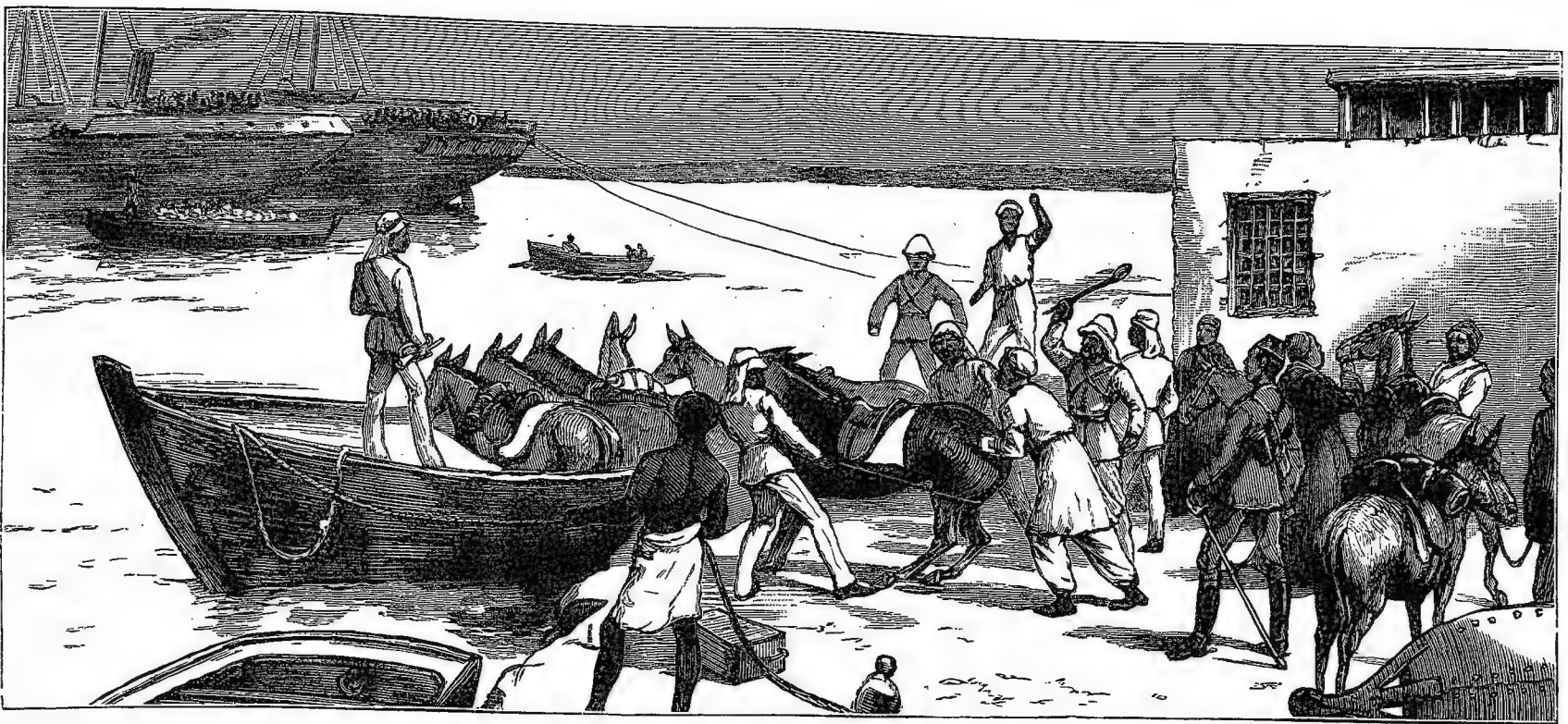
Lieut.-Col. Hare

Colonel Burnaby

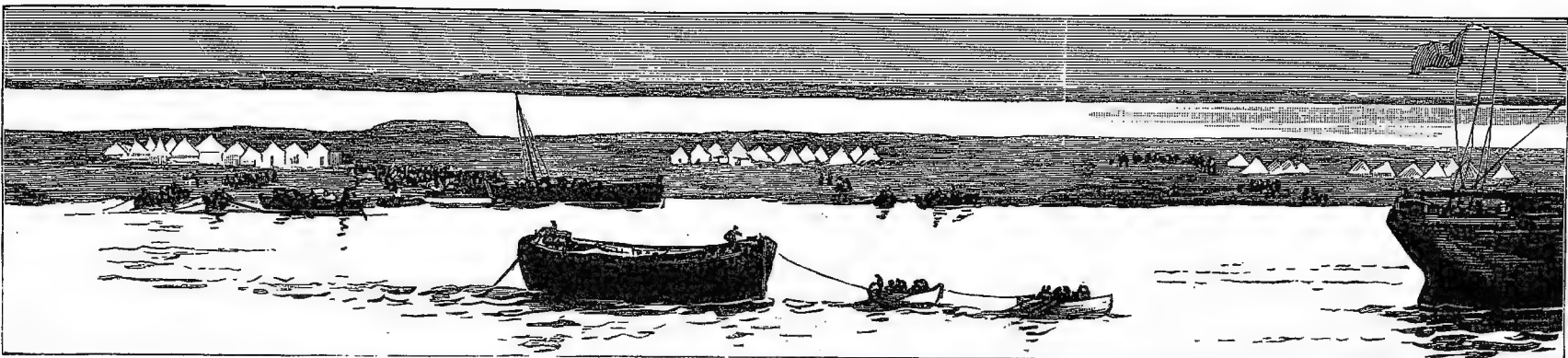
BAKER PASHA AND HIS STAFF IN THE LINES AT TRINKITAT WATCHING SPIES CARRYING AN ULTIMATUM TO THE ENEMY BEFORE THE ADVANCE TO RELIEVE TOKAR

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—WITH BAKER PASHA'S EXPEDITION TO RELIEVE TOKAR

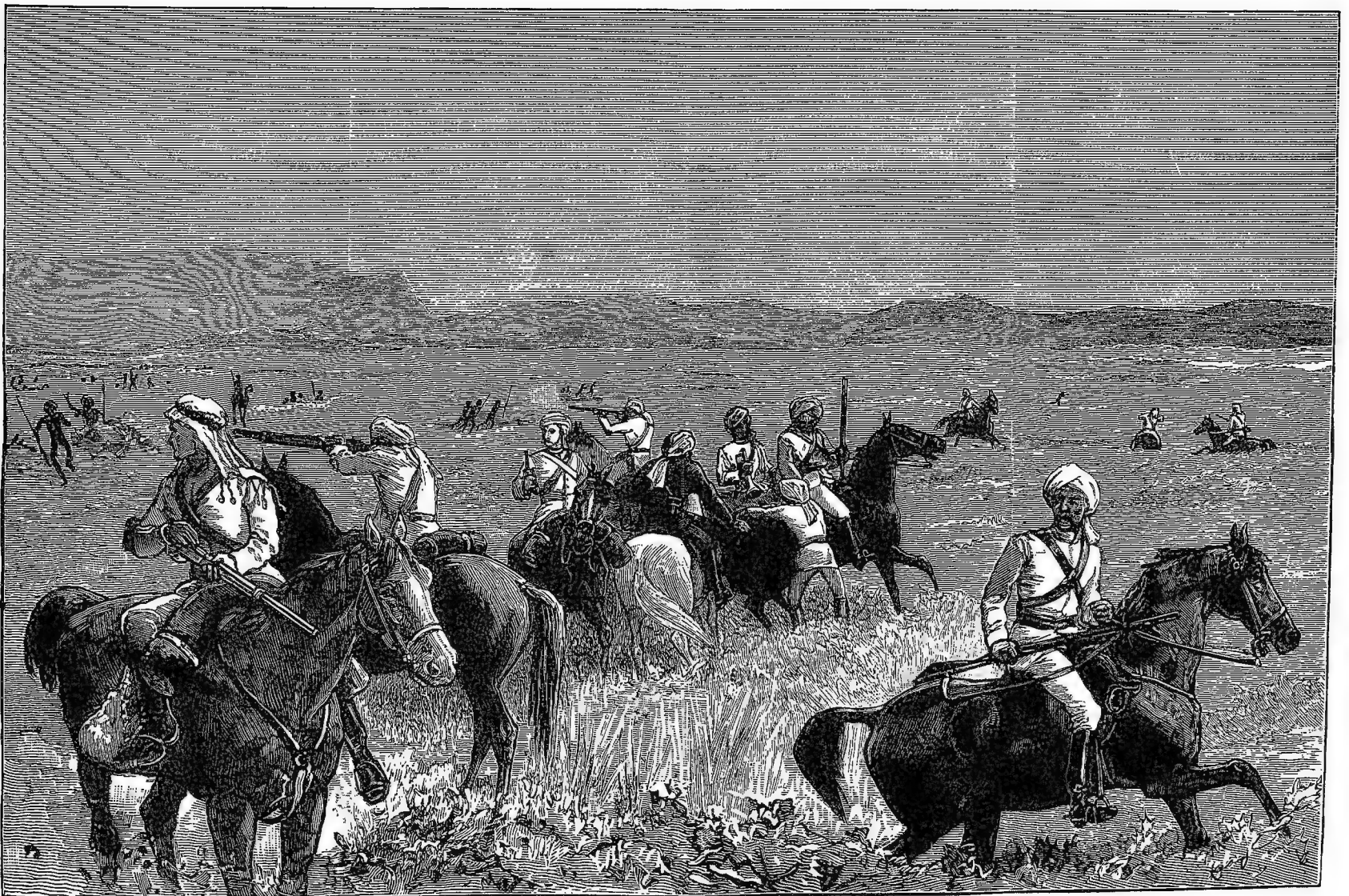
FROM SKETCHES MADE BY AN OFFICER OF BAKER PASHA'S STAFF JUST BEFORE THE DISASTROUS DEFEAT AT TEB



EMBARKING MULES AT SUAKIM FOR TRINKITAT



GENERAL VIEW OF TRINKITAT, THE PLACE OF DISEMBARKATION FOR THE EXPEDITION TO RELIEVE TOKAR



A CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE AND FIRST SKIRMISH WITH THE ENEMY FOURTEEN MILES FROM SUAKIM

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—WITH BAKER PASHA'S EXPEDITION TO RELIEVE TOKAR
FROM SKETCHES MADE BY AN OFFICER OF BAKER PASHA'S STAFF JUST BEFORE THE DISASTROUS DEFEAT AT TEE

to interest. Mrs. Bernard Beere's performance gives further evidence of her power to depict strong emotions; Mr. Bancroft rattles through the part of the Doctor with an ease which he has not always had at command; and the peevishly candid guests, as played by Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Alfred Bishop, and Mrs. Cannings, are diverting in a high degree. The thankless part of the pitifully sentimental young gentleman who makes love to the wife of his good-natured host is played by Mr. Conway, not without a visible feeling of its awkward points, but with very skilfully. We must not forget to give praise to the excellent acting of a young gentleman named Eversfield in the part of the precocious youth, Percy Grafton. By way of introductory piece the management have revived the little comedy entitled *A Lesson*, which has the advantage of enabling Mrs. Bancroft—who has no part in *Peril*—to make her appearance on a stage where her absence would disappoint all visitors. She resumes her part of Kate Reeve—playing it in a somewhat more subdued key than before, but still with her unfailing charm and flow of spirits. Miss Calhoun appears as Lady Duncan, and Mr. Brookfield repeats his clever character sketch as her precise and penurious husband, Sir Thomas.

The production of *Margery's Lovers* at the COURT Theatre on Monday evening introduced to the English public a new dramatist in the person of Mr. Brander Matthews, an American writer, who has lived much in Paris, and written some excellent books about the French stage. Unhappily the venture proved the reverse of successful. It is true that no very marked expression of dissatisfaction attended the first representation. The three acts were got through, indeed, in an atmosphere of peace and quietude which of late has been somewhat rare on first nights. But, unfortunately, the peace was somewhat too marked, and the quietude occasionally ominous. When Mrs. John Wood made her appearance once more in the part of an American lady who speaks with amazing frankness, and with a disregard of the rules of grammar which, we trust, is not characteristic of Transatlantic ladies, there were indeed some outbursts of merriment; and gleams of cheerfulness were accorded when Mr. Charles Cooté as an American youth exhibited equal frankness, combined in like manner with tokens of imperfect education. Beyond this the performance was unquestionably dull—partly because the story is weak and inconsistent, and partly because the characters are feebly and inconsistently drawn. In the comedy which has just been withdrawn from the same stage we had an unsentimental money-lender falling in love at first sight in a way which is probably not common among gentlemen of his class; but, given this improbable fact, there was little further to shock the spectator's sense of the fitness of things. Mr. Brander Matthews has conceived a sentimental blackleg, who is so wildly in love with the daughter of a brother swindler that he can find no rest till he has made a desperate effort to ruin a more fortunate rival by cunningly involving him in an absolutely unfounded charge of cheating at cards. Mr. Mackintosh, clever actor as he is, could not possibly give an air of reality to this conception; neither is Mr. Arthur Cecil, with all his talent, equal to the task of interesting us in the effusive parental affection of a father who, for no adequate motive, has been guilty of the odious offence of joining in the scheme for bearing false witness against the man of his daughter's choice. Mr. John Clayton, who has contented himself on this occasion with the part of a somnolently benevolent young gentleman, rather loosely attached to the story, is hardly more happy; though neither these nor Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who plays the heroine, can fairly be held responsible for the dulness of the entertainment; or for the mournful silence broken only by a faint cry from the gallery of "Very fatiguing!" which followed upon the fall of the curtain.

When it was first announced that Mr. Burnand was writing a travesty of *Claudian*, to be brought out by Mr. Toole at his bright and cheerful little house in King William Street, it was at once perceived that a feast of fun was to be expected. The event has fulfilled the expectation. A more amusing trifle than *Paw Claudian* has never come from the pen of that accomplished master of whimsical incidents and punning dialogue; nor has author ever been happier in his interpreters. Mere description can convey little idea of the ludicrous effect of Mr. Toole's manner and appearance in the part of the guilty Roman nobleman; or of the numerous clever perversions of the solemn business of the original, with which this immensely popular actor is able to keep his audience in a roar. The performance, however, is by no means one of that sort which sacrifices all opportunities to a leading performer. Nearly all the personages, indeed, are skilfully drawn in the true burlesque vein; and what is more, they are without an exception admirably acted. Among the cleverest features is Miss Marie Linden's marvellously grotesque copy of Miss Eastlake, and Mr. Ward's impersonation of "Coal-Holey Clement," a new name for the venerable hermit of the original, which is fully explained by the actor in one of the cleverest of the many clever songs which the parodist has provided. Nor must we forget to acknowledge the admirable mimicry, touched, of course, with the needful exaggeration, displayed by Mr. Shelton in the part of the Tetrarch, and by Miss Emily Thorne in that of the Sculptor's Wife, in the Prologue. Whether it is lawful thus to make a jest of what is really a very fine play—sparing not even the appalling earthquake and its solemn consequences—is a question which opens too many nice points of literary morality and etiquette to be adequately discussed here; but it must at least be admitted that, if anything could justify the burlesque writer's functions, it would be the abundant humour of a not unkindly sort which distinguishes this merry little play. *Paw Claudian*, which forms the after-piece of a programme in which the new comedy, *A Mint of Money*, is the chief item, is certain to attract many visitors; and is likely long to retain its place in the bill of TOOLE'S Theatre.

At the COMEDY, *Falka*, one of the most amusing comic operas which has been produced of late years, attained its hundredth performance last Saturday. Miss Violet Cameron is as sprightly as ever in a part which certainly admirably suits her versatile talents; while Mr. Ashley is irresistibly humorous as her dullard brother. Mr. Harry Paulton is stolidly comic as usual, but for a genuine piece of thorough comedy-acting, commend us to Mr. Penley's Lay Brother Pelican, which is as genuinely humorous as it is original. The next novelty at the PRINCE'S Theatre will be a drama founded on *Norah*, by the Swedish dramatist, Ibsen. The authors are Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Henry Herman, joint authors of *The Silver King*.

Miss Kate Vaughan counts upon transferring her talents to the NOVELTY Theatre after the run of the Drury Lane pantomime, in which she has been so popular.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—In addition to the lively vaudeville of *A Moss Rose Rent*, Mr. Corney Grain now provides a new edition of his well-known musical sketch, *Spring's Delights*. He discourses on the vernal season from the householder's point of view, and introduces a roundelay, chorus, and glee, supposed to be sung respectively by whitewashers, plumbers, and glaziers, as well as a plaintive ballad, "I'll Paint for Thee Thine Outer Door." In *A Double Event*, the music of which is by Mr. Corney Grain, the fun arises from the mistakes made by two gentlemen, one of whom loves the landlady of a country inn, and the other her niece. The piece is spiritedly played by Misses Holland and Wardroper, Messrs. North Home and A. Reed.

At ST. GEORGE'S HALL, on Tuesday evening, Mr. John L. Child gave the last of his present series of recitals. Without exaggeration or unnecessary dramatic effort, he interpreted feelingly and with good effect the character and style adapted to the various selections.



THE ASSERTION BY SOLICITORS of a claim to be placed on an equal footing with barristers as regards pleading in Courts of Law has been previously referred to in this column. A counter-claim of barristers to advise clients without the intervention of solicitors was discussed at a meeting this week of the recently-formed Bar Committee. Stress was laid on several exceptions now existing to the rule requiring clients to communicate with counsel through solicitors, but the conclusion came to by the Committee was averse to any further relaxation of that rule at present.

AT THE WARWICK ASSIZES the Attorney-General appeared both as one of the counsel and as a witness for the prosecution in a criminal information brought against an ex-proprietor of a Birmingham journal, in which Sir Henry James was charged with having in his official capacity and from party feeling, or out of deference to Mr. Chamberlain, refused to grant facilities for opposing the introduction into Parliament of a Local Bill promoted by the Corporation of Birmingham. In the witness-box the Attorney-General denied emphatically that there was any truth in this charge. The defendant pleaded that he knew nothing of the article complained of before it appeared, that he then stopped the publication of the paper containing it, and accepted the resignation of the editor who had written it. The jury returned a verdict of acquittal.

AFTER PLAYING for four months the part of Second Lieutenant in *Rip Van Winkle*, with a year's engagement at a salary of 15*l.* a week, Mr. Orlando Harley was dismissed at a few weeks' notice by the lessee of the Comedy Theatre, on the ground that he habitually sang out of tune. On an action for damages being brought, conflicting evidence was adduced as to the accuracy of the lessee's allegation. The witnesses for the defence were chiefly *employees* of the theatre, and, as his counsel remarked, neither Miss Violet Cameron nor any other of the plaintiffs' fellow-performers in the opera was called. Mr. Justice Manisty, by whom without a jury the case was tried, expressed his opinion that only temporary inefficiency on the plaintiff's part had been proved, not justifying his dismissal, and he pronounced a verdict in his favour with 250*l.* damages.

IN THE CASE OF THE WELSH DRUID, DR. PRICE, indicted for the cremation of his child, the jury not having agreed on a verdict, the prosecution was dropped, with the approval of Mr. Justice Stephen, who had previously, as mentioned in this column last week, expressed his opinion that cremation is not illegal if performed so as not to create a nuisance.



FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.—The official returns show a continued diminution of disease in the United Kingdom. In England the total number of infected places is 338, and the total number of diseased cattle is 3,875. In Scotland there are at this date only three infected farms, with fifty-one diseased animals on them. In Ireland the number of infected places was forty-one in January and is twenty-four now, and only 299 animals are affected. In the United Kingdom 366 farms are affected altogether, and 9,253 animals. Three months ago 50,000 cattle were affected, so that the severe regulations of the Privy Council have not been a mistake after all.

CATTLE.—In America and in this country there is a simultaneous movement in favour of trying for early maturity and making a profit out of young cattle. Stock raising generally is attracting more and more attention, despite the discouragements of disease. Weaning calves have recently been making 50*s.* to 60*s.*, which is about 1*l.* more than could be got in 1882. The French are behind both England and America in their care for stock breeding; but the matter is at last coming forward, and during the past week a big Show has been held in Paris, backed by all the advantages which State patronage and Ministerial receptions could bestow upon it. The English word, "herd-book," has been imported bodily into the French language, and is already understood by the majority of French agriculturists.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Thus far the season has been exceptionally favourable to the flock, and there is plenty of food for the new-comers. The purchasing of Scotch ewes by English graziers since Michaelmas has been on a very big scale, and thousands of farmers have put their money in sheep, the number of which we fully anticipate will show a decided advance on last year when the present lambing season is completed. Sheep have done well this winter on roots; but turnips are now running away to top.

CHICKENS FOR THE TABLE.—Now that hens are beginning to sit it is the time for fowl-keepers to consider what sorts they will breed. As regards the table a cross between the Dorking and the Brahma is satisfactory where quantity rather than quality is regarded. A Dorking and game cross produces plumper and more tender birds, but of less size. The Langshan may be remembered by dwellers in exposed spots, as it is a very hardy breed, and fair though not first-rate eating. Plymouth Rocks seem only fit to be served with curry, their skin being of an ineradicable yellow. In France, La Flèche is, perhaps, the breed best esteemed for the table, and the Crève-cœur next, and in that country breeders will tell you that black-legged and black-feathered fowls always have the whitest skin. The prize couple of the Paris Show were equal in size to many turkeys, and yet plump and white as pullets. They were of the La Flèche breed, and reckoned the finest ever exhibited.

DOGS AND MOLES.—We certainly never knew a dog that was a systematic mole-catcher, but a Devonshire correspondent says: "I have a Highland terrier which has caught hundreds of moles, having begun while he was quite young. A short point, then a scratching, and burying his nose in the ground, and the mole is snatched out, tossed in the air, and killed instantly. The best specimen of a white mole that I ever had was caught thus."

HARES AND RABBITS.—A sporting contemporary has reason to believe that already the effects of the Ground Game Act, 1882, have been very great, especially with regard to hares, which have been ruthlessly thinned out by wholesale snaring. It is indeed a question whether Mr. Case's system of stocking enclosed ground will not be the eventual means of saving hares from complete annihilation in this country. It was only last week that two poachers were taken up in the coverts of Mr. Gladstone's estate, where they had been snaring hares. Their plea that they were "experts" under Sir William Harcourt's Act was considered a grand old subterfuge, and the sentence was ten shillings and costs.

TOOLEY STREET is aroused, and the historic three tailors—in the present instance read "tanners"—have determined to march on Lincolnshire, or Sussex, or whichever may be the most rural of our counties. The reason for this Bermondsey Indignation Meeting

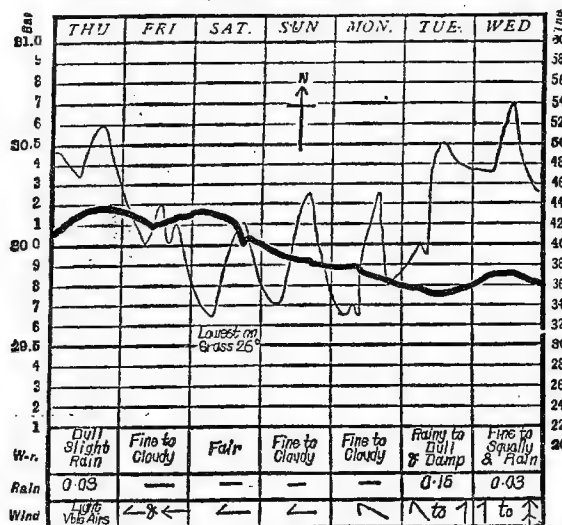
recently held is the Government proposal with respect to imports of live cattle from countries where infectious disease prevails. To restrict such imports, say the tanners, would injure the leather and hide trade; and hence these tears. The quiet disregard of the very existence of the agricultural community is characteristic of Spa Road politics, but when it is remembered that the Government Bill is itself so mild that the farmers are far from satisfied, and that, so far as it goes, it has the support of all parties in the House of Commons, Liberals, Home Rulers, and Conservatives, it will be seen that Bermondsey's indignation is not likely to come to much.

ENSILAGE IN CHESHIRE.—In the presence of a representative body of agriculturists last week, Lord Egerton of Tatton opened a silo which he had filled with rough, wiry, long grass, cut in Tatton Park as long ago as July last. The ensilage was sweet and sound, and the horses to which it was presented ate it greedily. Lord Egerton, addressing those present, said he intended to make other experiments of the kind.

A ROSE ELECTION recently taken by an enterprising rosarian among his brother devotees has placed the variety known as the "Alfred K. Williams" at the head of the poll, followed in order, but at no great distance, by the "Gabrielle Luizt," "Countess of Rosebery," "Duchess of Bedford," "Duke of Teck," "Marie Verdier," "Harrison Weir," "Charles Darwin," "Pride of Waltham," "Mrs. Jowett," and "Madame Lambert." This election was confined to the new varieties, *i.e.*, those introduced since 1876. A poll for first place among "old roses" placed the "Gloire de Dijon" first, "La France" being second, and three other French varieties tying for third place.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Cart Horse Show at Islington has witnessed an imposing display of 265 stallions and 73 mares against 76 stallions and 35 mares in 1880, the year of the First Show.—Taunton Great Market is to-day (the 23rd).—The Royal Dublin Society offer 285*l.* in prizes for agricultural horses at the Spring Show, which opens on 15th April.—The Annual Spring Show of horses of the Norfolk Agricultural Association is fixed for 22nd March, at Norwich. Valuable prizes are offered in five classes, amounting to 226*l.*—Lord Londonderry's Clydesdales will be sold at Seaham on the 3rd April.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM FEB. 14 TO FEB. 20, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been fair, but colder than of late, with frequent showers and occasional lightning in the west. During the greater part of the time a system of high pressure lay over Scandinavia, while an area of low pressure existed off the west of France and our south-western coasts. Somewhat steep gradients were formed over the United Kingdom, and after the first day of the week (Thursday, 14th inst.) the wind (previously southerly) backed to the eastward for a time, but subsequently returned to the south-east. In strength it was chiefly moderate, but increased at times to a gale in the west. Temperature fell quickly (clearly shown in the above diagram) and fair, but cold, searching weather was experienced in the north and south, while frequent showers occurred in the west and south-west. By Tuesday (19th inst.) the high pressure over Scandinavia began to break up, and this morning (Wednesday, 20th inst.) we find the highest readings over France. In the mean time the low pressure area noticed off our south-west coasts moved northwards, and the barometer fell generally. The winds now veered to the southward, and were moderate in strength, temperature rose, and rain set in over England generally, while fine weather occurred in the north. At the close of the period fair weather prevailed over the greater part of the kingdom. The barometer was highest (30.19 inches) on Thursday (14th inst.); lowest (29.75 inches) on Tuesday (19th inst.); range, 0.44 inch. Temperature was highest (54°) on Wednesday (20th inst.); lowest (33°) on Saturday (16th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.21 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.15 inch, on Tuesday (19th inst.).

THE ANNUAL FANCY COSTUME BALL in aid of the funds of the Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital was held on Thursday evening at the Albert Hall, and was in every way a brilliant success. The floor was good, the dancing-space not too crowded, the Coldstream Band excellent as usual, and the costumes bright and original. Among the most striking of the ladies' dresses was one of vivid yellow, studded with buttercups. A faithful copy of Miss Mary Anderson as Parthenia was admired; and a dress to imitate a champagne bottle, with label, cork, and wire complete, attracted much attention, and was more becoming than would be imagined from a description of it. One of the most becoming dresses was a slight variation of the Watteau costume. It was of pale orange, with sleeves slashed and puffed at the shoulders. With hair powdered and dressed high on the head, and with two patches on the face, this formed, in truth, a very charming picture. The usual array of Indian Princesses, Peasants, Fishwives, Mashers, Incroyables, Dianas, and Kate Greenaway dresses completed the brilliant scene. One ingenious dress was a copy of Miss Minnie Palmer's in *My Sweetheart*. Among the gentlemen, a "Puss in Boots," clad entirely in fur, and capped with a cat's head, was conspicuous. This dress is not to be recommended, if only on account of its great heat; but it has other drawbacks. A cool and pleasing costume was that of the so-called magpie, which resembled the Georgian dress, with a modern evening dress-coat turned back with white satin, white satin being also the material of the knee-breeches. A Sir Walter Raleigh in maroon was admired. A Napoleon I., faithfully copied from a well-known portrait, was also very effective. Sobieskis, Bavarian hunters, dancing dervishes, Spanish students, matadors and fishermen, jockeys, Mephistopheles, and Elizabethan courtiers were all good in their different ways. The Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital, Wandsworth Common, is intended for the use of patients who can afford to pay, if not all, at least some of the cost of their maintenance and treatment. Two guineas per week covers all expenses; but patients are admitted at much lower rates if they are unable to pay the full amount. The institution well deserves support, for it supplies one of the most pressing needs of the middle class.

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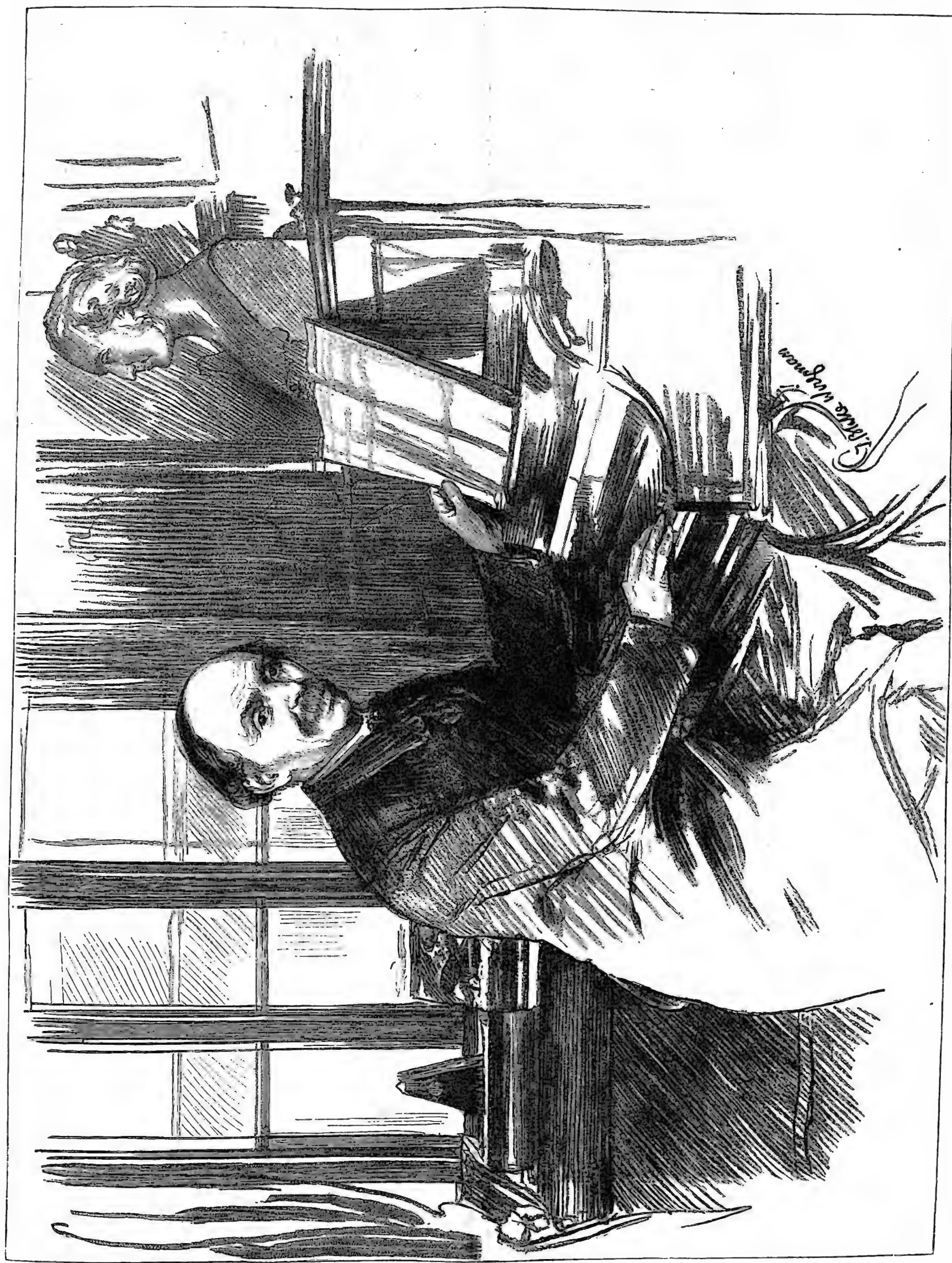
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"Tut, tut," she replied, tapping my cheek with her fan."

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRINCE IN ISRAEL

So the next day to Blanchland, a ride of nine miles across a moor as wild as any in England, and Tom, glum, partly on account of last night's wine and partly at prospect of a whole year spent in this secluded spot.

"Consider, sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "the advantages of the plan. First, it will be impossible to spend any money—"

Here Tom flung into a rage, and swore that it was shameful for the owner of Bamborough to want for a little money.

"Next," continued the judicious steward, "your Honour will have most excellent shooting and fishing; and as for society—"

"I know all your songs," said Tom. "Can you not write some more?"

"As for society, there are my lord and his brothers within an easy ride. Your Honour doth very well understand that it may be both a singular advantage for yourself to enjoy the friendship of a nobleman who hath the Prince's private ear, and to his lordship to have the benefit of your experience and advice in the conduct of his private affairs. As for that, I conceive it nothing sort of a Providential interposition that at the moment when he should arrive, inexperienced and raw, he should find in your Honour a wise adviser."

"That is true, Tony," said Tom, looking more cheerful. "Dilston Hall is not ten miles from Blanchland, and the wine

is good. We will teach him how to drink it. These Frenchmen cannot drink."

"And to mix whisky punch. In France they do not even know the liquor."

"Poor devils!" said Tom. "His lordship has much to learn."

But as Lord Derwentwater was for the next six months entirely occupied with the survey of his own estates, not only in Northumberland, but also in Lancashire and Cumberland, we saw nothing of him, and spent our time without any company other than our own. Mr. Patten, it is true, was sometimes so kind as to ride across the moor from Allenhead, and by a coarse flattery (call it rather an abject surrender of his judgment), compared with which Mr. Hilyard's method was fine and delicate, he acquired an influence over Tom which afterwards did great harm. Certainly it was a quiet summer which we spent, and had Tom been content I should have been happy. Fortunately, her ladyship was pleased, and signified her pleasure in plain terms.

"I design not," she wrote, "that my nephew should live other than a gentleman of his name and position ought. But I am well pleased that you are for a space removed from the company of those who lead you into wasteful courses with horse-racing and wagers"—Tom had been of late unfortunate—"of which it is now well-nigh time to have done. It is my lord's earnest desire that you should shortly take the place which becomes your family, and, on the retirement of your father, that you should represent the county in his stead. As this cannot be done without expense, and as we

learn that your father is not willing to undertake the charge, having his second family to consider, it is the intention of my lord to make such an annual allowance out of his Northumberland estates as may suffice for your maintenance in such style as is befitting. This generosity, I beg you to believe, is unasked by me, though I confess that he knows very well the solicitude with which I watch the welfare of my nephew. To be guided, as well as to be assisted, by so great and good a man, should be considered by you an honour."

"This," said Mr. Hilyard, who was reading the letter, "is the first-fruit of that intention which I foretold six months ago."

"Ay," said Tom, "always at her ladyship's apron. But go on. Has she any more advice? Am I to ask the Bishop permission to take a glass of whisky punch? Will he give me leave to hunt upon the moor? 'Tis all his."

"He who hath patience," replied Mr. Hilyard, "hath all. Ladies' leading strings stretch not all the way from Durham to St. Stephen's. I proceed with the letter:—"I desire next to inform you that my Lord the Bishop hath a great desire to converse with Lord Derwentwater, and that in a private and quiet manner which will give no opportunity for malicious tongues. A Bishop of the English Church cannot openly visit a Catholic peer, nor should he invite scandal and malignant whispers by entertaining in his own house so close a friend and so near a relation of the Prince. He wishes, therefore, that you should invite a hunting party to Blanchland in October, at which he, too, unless otherwise prevented, will be present. Among

your guests be sure that Lord Derwentwater is present. So no more at present. Give Dorothy, your sister, my blessing and that of the Bishop, and tell Mr. Hilyard, your steward, that I expect thrift in household charges while you are at Blanchland.—Your loving aunt, DOROTHY CREWE."

To be sure it was impossible to spend money at this quiet place, where there were no gentlemen to make matches, play cards, and lay bets, no market town nearer than Hexham, no buying of horses, and no other people except ourselves and the birds who tilted our lands. There is certainly nowhere in England a place which lies so remote from human habitation, unless it be in Allendale or among the Cheviots, as this old ruined Tower of Blanchland. Formerly it was a monastery, but was destroyed very long ago in the reign of the first Edward, by a party of marauding Scots, and was never afterwards rebuilt. They say that the marauding Scots who had crossed the Border with sacrilegious intent to sack this House of God, on account of its reputed wealth, had lost their way upon the moor in a mist, and were returning homeward disappointed, when they heard the monastery bell ringing close at hand—it was to call the good monks together for a *Te Deum* on account of their escape from the enemy whose coming was looked for. Alas! the bell was a knell, and the *Te Deum* a funeral chant, for the ringing guided the robbers to the spot, and they quickly broke through the gates, murdered all the monks, set fire to the buildings, and rode away carrying their unhallowed spoil with the sacred vessels, driving the monks' cattle before them, and leaving behind them nothing but the unburied corpses of the unfortunate brothers. Surely some dreadful vengeance must have overtaken these men; but it is so long ago that the memory of their names and punishment has long since perished, though that of the crime has survived.

Blanchland lies upon the valley of the Derwent in a deep hollow about the middle of the great moor called Hexhamshire Common, and ten or eleven miles south of Hexham; the stream is here quite little and shallow, babbling over pebbles and under trees; it is crossed by the stout old stone bridge built by the monks themselves, who once farmed the valley. The fields are now tilled by a few hinds who live about and around the quadrangle of the old monastery still marked by the ancient walls, behind which the rustics have built their cottages. The place has the aspect of an ancient and decayed college, the quadrangle having been neatly cobbled, and a Pant of clear water erected by my great-grandfather, Sir Claudius, who died here in the year 1627. Our own dwelling-house consisted of two buildings; one, which we used for company and visitors, is first, a great square tower which stands over the ancient gate—Mr. Hilyard says that the place might easily have been held for weeks against simple moss-troopers—it has several good rooms in it; and the second a part of the old monastery, including the refectory, a fair and noble hall, with a large kitchen below, and beside it a small modern house, contrived either by Sir Claudius or some previous holder, within another ancient square tower. This house, very convenient in all respects, has a stone balcony on the north side, from which stone steps lead to the green meadow, which was once the monks' burying-place. The ruins of their chapel, an old roofless tower and the walls, are standing in the meadow. Within the old chapel grass grows between the flags, wallflowers flourish upon the walls; there is on one of the stones a figure and an inscription, which Mr. Hilyard interpreted to be that of a certain man once Forester to the Abbey. But not a monument or a stone to the memory of the dead monks. They are gone and forgotten—names, and lives, and all—though their dust and ashes are beneath the feet of those who stand there. Bush and bramble grow round the chapel and cover the old graves, whose very mounds have now disappeared and are level with the turf. Among them rises an old, old stone cross, put up no one knows when. It is truly a venerable and ghostly place. In the twilight or moonlight one may see, or think he sees, the ghosts of the murdered friars among the ruins. In the dark winter evenings, the people said, they could be heard, when the wind was high, chanting in the chapel; and every year, on that day when they rang the fatal bell and so called in the Scots, may be heard at midnight the ringing of a knell. Many are there who can testify to this miracle; and at night the venerable ghost of the Abbot himself may be sometimes met upon the bridge. But this may be rumour, for the people of the place are rude, having no learning at all, little religion, but great credulity, and prone to believe all they hear. Certainly I have never myself met the Abbot's ghost, though I have often stood upon the bridge after nightfall alone or with Mr. Hilyard. On the other hand, I have heard, on windy nights, the chanting of the dead monks very plainly. While we were there I heard so many ghost stories that I began to suspect something wrong, and presently was much astonished to find that the number and dreadful, fearful aspect of the ghosts had greatly increased since we came to the place, inasmuch that for years after (and no doubt, until now) the simple people of the village, if it may be called a village, were frightened out of their lives if they had but to cross the quadrangle or fetch water at the Pant after sunset. The cause of this terror was no other than my maid, Jenny Lee, who saw these apparitions. I verily believe that she invented her stories out of pure mischief and wantonness, spreading abroad continually tales of new ghosts. One day she saw in the graveyard a skull with fiery eyes, which grinned at her. Another evening she met the Devil himself (she declared; but his Honour and Miss Dorothy must be told nothing about it—artful creature!), with flames coming out of his mouth, and a great roaring, sure to bring mischief, if only the loss of a chicken or a sucking pig, to some one. Another time there was a black dog, which portended death. Had I known of these things at the time, Jenny should soon, indeed, have gone a packing. But I only found out later on, when Mr. Hilyard inquired into the truth of these stories, and traced them all to this girl.

We passed here a quiet time during the spring and summer of that year. In the morning Tom went a-fishing, or hunted the otter, or went after badgers, or some kind of vermin, of which there are great quantities on the moor. After dinner he commonly slept. After supper he drank whisky punch, and to bed early. As for me, when my housewife duties were accomplished, I talked with the women-folk, who were simple and ignorant, but of good hearts; or walked up the valley along the south side, where there is a high sloping bank, or hill—to my mind very beautiful. It is covered with trees. By the middle of June these trees have put on their leaves, and among the leaves are the pink blossoms of the blueberries and the white flowers of the wild strawberry, to say nothing of the wild flowers which clothe the place in that month as with a carpet. Thus, in June, must have looked the Garden of Eden. In the afternoon Mr. Hilyard read to me, and we held converse in low whispers while Tom slept. And on Sunday morning the villagers came together, and Mr. Hilyard read the Service appointed for the day. It was in June that Lord Derwentwater rode across the moor to visit us. We found that the shyness which he showed on his first return had gone altogether, being replaced by the most charming courtesy and condescension to all ranks. He had also begun to acquire the North Country manner of speech, and could converse with the common people. On his Progress, if so it may be called, he was received everywhere with such joy that he was astonished, having as yet done nothing to deserve it.

"The gentlemen of Northumberland," he declared, "are the most hospitable in the whole world, and the women are the most beautiful—yes, Miss Dorothy, though they are but as the moon compared with one sun which I know. As for the moors"—he had just ridden across Hexhamshire Common from Allendale to Blanchland on his

way home to Dilston—"as for the moors, the air is certainly the finest in the country."

Then he told us of his travels, the people he had met with, and the things he had done and was going to do. He would enlarge Dilston; he would rebuild Langley; he would build a cottage on the banks of Derwentwater, where his ancestors once had a great house; here he would build boats, and then, with his friends, would float upon the still waters among the lovely islands of the lake, and listen to the cooing of the doves in the woods, or to the melodious blowing of horns upon the shore. This, he said, would be all the Heaven he would ask if I was there to sit beside him in his boat. Alas! Every taste that most adorns the age was possessed by this young nobleman, and especially those truly princely tastes which desire the erection of stately buildings, the gathering of friends to enjoy his wealth, and the society of beautiful women. We ought not to reproach men with weakness on this score, seeing that all the best and noblest of mankind—and chiefly those—have loved women's society.

Among other things that pleased him beside the universal welcome which he received, was that when he went into Lancashire—it is so small a trifle that it should not, perhaps, be mentioned—they made him Mayor of Walton. One would hardly suppose that it was worthy of the dignity of so great a lord to be pleased with so small a thing. Yet he was, and, just as Tom and his friends loved to drink and laugh, and Mr. Hilyard (but of an evening only) to sing and act, and play the buffoon, so Lord Derwentwater himself was not free from what we may call, without irreverence, a besetting infirmity of his sex, and a blemish upon the character of many great men—I mean this love of tomfooling. Now, the Mayor and Corporation of Walton is nothing in the world but a club of gentlemen held in a village of that name near Preston. Every member of the club held an office. The Mayor has a Deputy, to take the chair in his absence. There are also in this foolish society a Recorder, two Bailiffs, two Serjeants, a Physician, a Mace-bearer, a Poet Laureate, and a Jester.

This burlesque of serious institutions appeared to Lord Derwentwater and, no doubt, to the other members of the Club, a most humorous stroke; he laughed continually over their doings and sayings with Tom; and, in fact, so tickled him with the thing that the very next year he took the journey with the Earl to Preston, and there was elected into the Club, and honoured with the office of Serjeant, while Mr. Hilyard, always to the front where fooling and play-acting were concerned, was made at once both Poet Laureate and Jester, which offices were happily vacant for him. It is said that the verses he wrote, the jests he made, and the songs he sung, were worthy of being added to Mr. Brown's "Miscellaneous Works," or Mr. D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy;" but, unfortunately, the records of the Society perished in the disasters of the year 1715, and with them Mr. Hilyard's verses.

One may easily excuse this levity in Lord Derwentwater, when one remembers that he and all his companions were as yet in their earliest manhood, before the vivacity of youth has vanished. Tom, the eldest, was but six-and-twenty; Lord Derwentwater himself, the youngest, only twenty-one; all of them honest country gentlemen and their younger brothers, and none, as yet, sated with the pleasures of the wicked town. How were the younger sons, for instance, to find money for the pleasures of town? I cannot pretend that all these young gentlemen were virtuous, or, in all their amusements, innocent; certainly, a good many of them were frequently drunk; but still they were all young, and one feels that a young man may sin out of mere youthful joy, and then repent; while an old man, if he sins it is hardness of heart. And, being young, they were full of spirits.

"Solomon," said Mr. Hilyard, "teaches that a merry heart doeth good like medicine. Also he reminds us that a merry head maketh a cheerful countenance, and, further, that he who is of a merry heart hath a continual feast. Wherefore, Miss Dorothy, let not this laughter of his Honour, my patron, and Lord Derwentwater trouble you."

Why, it could not trouble one if the causes of their mirth could have been understood. But it is of no use to talk of these things. Women sit with quiet faces, though their hearts are glad, but men must needs be laughing. Besides, Solomon has said so much about fools and their mirth as to make one afraid, lest, by laughing over-much, one may be confounded with these fools.

Then began my lord to come often to Blanchland, and I to enjoy the most happy six months of my life. Only six months! Yet, all that went before and all that came after are to be counted as nothing compared with that brief period of happiness. He would come over in the morning, when Tom was out, and hold conversation with me either walking or in the old Refectory where we sat. We talked of many things which I have not forgotten, but cannot write down all I remember. Sometimes Mr. Hilyard was with us, and sometimes we were alone. We talked on high and lofty themes, as well as on little things of the moment. Once, walking among the ruins of the monks' chapel, I had the temerity—or perhaps the ill breeding—to venture on asking him how it came about that a man of his knowledge and penetration could continue in the fold of the Roman Catholic Church.

He was not angry at the question, as might be expected (which shows his goodness of heart), but laughed, and said that he remained a Catholic because no one had yet succeeded in converting the Pope.

"Fair Doctor of Divinity," he added; "do not tempt me. There is nothing I would not willingly do for the sake of your *beaux yeux*; but ask not a thing which touches my honour. Loyalty I owe to my Church as much as to my King. My cousin Dorothy would not surely advise a Radcliffe against his honour."

This question of his religion dwelt in my Lord's mind, and he returned to it on another occasion, saying very seriously that Protestants were unhappy in knowing none of the repose and ease of soul which belong to those who hold what he called the True Faith. "For," he said, "either they are perplexed by doubts and always drifting into new heresies, or they are painfully striving, each for himself, and unaided, to attain his own safety, or they are guided by one or other of the heretic doctors to their irreparable loss; whereas we," he added, "live free from doubts; the Church hath settled all doubts long ago; she orders and we obey; she teaches and we believe; we have no reason for proving anything; we live without fear, and when at length we die," he took off his hat, "we are fortified by the last consolations and tender offices of the Church, and borne away by ministering angels, some to Heaven, but of these not many; the rest to the expiating fires of Purgatory. Fair cousin, I would that you, too, were in this fold with me!"

I was silenced, for the grave eyes and earnest voice of his lordship awed my soul. I knew not, indeed, what to answer until I consulted with Mr. Hilyard. In thinking over what my lord had said, his picture of faith seemed fair indeed. "Why," said Mr. Hilyard, when I spoke of it to him, "that is true enough; but, Miss Dorothy, remember that you, too, have a Church which teaches, orders, and consoles. Where are the doubts of which his lordship speaks? I know of none, for my own part, nor do you. And for us, as well as the Papists, surely there are the Sacraments of the Church, without the fires of Purgatory."

Thus easily is a Catholic answered by a man of learning.

But to Lord Derwentwater I only made reply, meekly, that I was an ignorant girl and presumptuous in speaking of such things, whereas, if he would take counsel with Lord Crewe or with Mr. Hilyard—but upon this he fell a-laughing.

"What, cousin," he said; "would you have me take the opinion of a jester, paid to make merriment for his master, and a singer of drunken and dissolute songs for a company of drunken revellers? Nay, Miss Dorothy; I know that he is thy friend, and I speak not to make thee angry; and, in sober moments, I confess that I have found him a person of learning and wisdom. But in things spiritual—think of it! As for Lord Crewe, I have heard that he is an excellent statesman, venerable for rank and years, and most benevolent in character; but I have never heard that he is a great theologian, or to be named in the same breath as the Fathers of the Church. And if he were, I have not myself the learning or the wit to examine and prove the very foundation of religion, or to be sure of getting a new faith if I cast away my present one, or finding belief through disbelief, or to hope for such ease as at present I enjoy."

So no more was said at the time between them of Popery or matters of religion; as for matters political, naturally there was much talk, especially when letters and papers arrived from London with intelligence. The affairs of the French King were going badly; as Englishmen we could not but rejoice therefore; yet the hopes of the Prince, so far as they rested on France, were decaying, daily, wherefore we must be sorry; yet again, as if to put us in heart, it was reported that London was growing daily more favourable to the lawful Sovereign.

"What London is, my lord," said Mr. Hilyard, ever anxious to glorify his native town, "that is the country. London deserted Richard II. and he fell; London joined Edward IV. and the Lancastrians' cause was lost; it was London which deposed King Charles and sent King James a-packing. Yet the passions of the mob are fickle; we know not; to-day they bawl for the Chevalier; to-morrow they will throw up their caps for the Protestant religion and will plunder a Catholic Ambassador's house. It hath been well observed that the mob is like Tiberius, who, to one beginning, 'You remember, Cæsar?' replied, 'Nay; I do not remember what I was.'"

"We are a long way from Cæsar," said the Earl. "Let us, however, have no secret conspiracies and dark plots. There have been too many such already. It is not by treason that we shall bring back the king; but by the voice of the people. Never shall it be said that I, for one, dragged men from their homes to fight for their Prince, unless it was first made clear that the country was wholly for him."

"If London speaks, the nation will follow," Mr. Hilyard repeated.

"When the country gentry agree to rise," said Tom, "the thing is as good as done."

"Then let nothing be done," Lord Derwentwater added, "till the voice of the country is certain, and the gentlemen of the country can be depended upon. As for French bayonets, we want none of them. And for premature risings, let us countenance none of them, nor have to do with those who would bring them about. Say I will, Tom Forster?"

"Excellently well, my Lord," Tom replied; though he was already, I now believe, in some kind of correspondence with those arch conspirators, Dick Gascoigne and Captain Talbot. But let these words be remembered, because, in the sequel it will be seen that they fell into Tom's heart and remained there, bringing forth fruit.

The summer passed away with such discourse. The hunting party was fixed for October the 30th. Mr. Hilyard, following her ladyship's instructions, designed to make it a small and private party, but when it was known that the illustrious Lord Crewe, with his wife, would be present, there came so many promises of attendance, that order had to be taken for a very great quantity of provisions, the arrangement for which cost myself and Jenny Lee many a long day's work. On the 29th, the Bishop and Lady Crewe rode from Bishop's Auckland, a distance of twenty miles, over rough country ways—a long ride for a man between seventy and eighty years of age. When we heard that they were visible from the hill, Tom and I went forth to meet them, and led them from the bridge to the porch.

When Lady Crewe, whom then I saw for the first time since a little child, dismounted, I perceived, though she was wrapped in a great thick hood covering her from head to foot, that she had brown curling hair like mine own, and dark eyes of a singular brightness, which my own also somewhat resembled, and that she was of the same height, though stouter, then being about the age of forty.

"So," she said to Tom, "thou art my nephew and my co-heir. Kiss my cheek, Tom. We shall have a great deal to say."

Then Tom assisted the Bishop to dismount.

"Welcome, my Lord," he said, "to your own house and Manor of Blanchland."

"As for its being mine own, Nephew Forster," said his lordship, "thou must ask thy aunt. She will not willingly let Bamborough and Blanchland go to a Crewe."

Then we led them within, and I received my aunt's gloves and muff, after kindly greetings from her, but I observed that her eyes followed Tom.

I would have knelt to the Bishop for his blessing but he raised me, saying kindly, "Let me see thy face, Miss Dorothy the Younger. Why—so—there are Forsters still, I see. Wife, here is the living picture of a certain maid with whom I fell in love twenty years ago. Thou art not so beautiful in my eyes, child, as thy aunt, but I doubt not there are plenty who—"

"He hath the face of Ferdinando," cried my aunt, speaking of Tom, "and the voice of poor Will. But perhaps he most favours my father Sir William."

"She is very like all these, my dear," said Lord Crewe, looking earnestly at me. "Child, when I look upon thy face I see my own Dorothy again in her first beauty. Yet she is always the most beautiful woman in the world to me. And every age with her will bring its own charm."

"He has the manner of my own branch, not the Etherston Forsters," my lady continued. "Tom, you must come with me to London before you go into the House. I shall present you to Lady Cowper, our cousin (she was a Clavering). She is a rank Whig, but a woman of fashion and, what is better, of sense and virtue. Sense and virtue go together, Dorothy, child, though some people will have it otherwise."

Lord Crewe bestowed upon Tom a passing glance which showed me that he was less interested than his wife in the male Forsters.

"My dear," he said, "if your nephew is wise he will ask for the society of no other woman than yourself while he is in London."

Lord Crewe loved his wife so fondly that these compliments were but expressions of his tenderness. Most old men dote on their young wives; not so Lord Crewe. His passion, old as he was, was that of strong manhood, a steady and ardent flame which every woman should desire, one which causes the care and thoughtfulness of the lover to remain long after the honeymoon, and, indeed, throughout the earthly course. Never was there any example more truly illustrating the virtue and happiness of conjugal love than that of Lord Crewe and his wife.

When she had removed her travelling attire, and appeared, her hair dressed in a *fontange* with Colbette lace, her silk dress looped to show the rich petticoat beneath, the lace upon her sleeve, her gold chain, and, above all, the surpassing dignity of her carriage and beauty of her face (though now in her fortieth year), I owned to myself that I had never before seen a lady so stately or so truly handsome, or so completely becoming her exalted rank as the wife either of an English bishop or an English baron.

"What are thy thoughts, child?" she asked, smiling, because I am sure she knew very well what they were.

"Madam," I replied, "with respect, I was but thinking how the people everywhere, not only the gentlefolk but the common folk, and not only at Bamborough, but here and at Alnwick and everywhere, speak still of the beautiful Dorothy Forster—and that now I know at length what they mean."

"Tut, tut," she replied, but she laughed and blushed—she had still the fairest complexion ever seen, and the clearest skin (for the sake of her complexion she would never drink beer, and washed in cold water all the year round), and a colour, white and red, which came and went like a girl's; her teeth were of a pearly white—women of forty are sometimes lamentable to look upon, so bad have their teeth become—with a mouth and rosy lips which seemed still young; her face was round rather than oval; her eyes were large and dark as I have said; her hair was piled in a low tower and covered with laces; her sloping shoulders were also half-hidden by a lace mantle, and she had the most dainty figure ever seen. Truly a Juno among women, who had been the chief of the Graces in her youth.

"Tut, tut," she replied, tapping my cheek with her fan, but yet well pleased. "Silly child! Beauty is but for a day. We women have our little summer of good looks. A few years and it is over. I am an old woman now. But you, my dear, may look into the glass and see there what your aunt was like when she, like you, was nineteen years of age."

Then we sat down to supper, Mr. Hilyard being first presented. He would have absented himself altogether, being modest and much afraid of the Lord Bishop, but my lady asked for him, and was good enough to insist upon his presence. Conversation was grave and serious, chiefly sustained by the Bishop, Mr. Hilyard saying never a word, but keeping his eyes on the table, and mightily relieved when at nine his Lordship begged to be excused, on the ground that they had travelled far, and that now he was old and must to bed.

"You have put us in the Haunted Chamber, Dorothy," said Lady Crewe. "It was there that Sir Claudius died. When I was a child, I looked every day after dark for his ghost. But it never came. Yes, Blanchland is a strange, ghostly place. The people used to speak of terrible things."

The Bishop gave her his hand.

"Come, my dear," he said. "I engage to drive away any ghosts that come to disturb your sleep."

Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, of Stene, in Northamptonshire, and Bishop of Durham, was at this time seventy-seven years of age, which we rightly consider a very great age indeed. There were in him, however, none of the infirmities of age; his walk was as firm, his eye was as clear, his voice as vigorous, his seat on horseback as steady, as in most men at fifty. In appearance he was most singular. For he wore his own hair, and not a wig; this was long, and abundant, and perfectly white; on his upper lip was a small whisker or moustache; he always had upon his head a little velvet cap; he was, in person, tall and spare; in his carriage, he stooped somewhat, a fine, scholarly habit, as caused by much reading and meditation; his eyes were black and piercing; his nose was straight and clear; his lips were set firm; and his chin was long and pointed. Those who have seen the portrait of Charles the First, may be informed that Lord Crewe's face somewhat resembled that of the sainted monarch.

He was a younger son of Lord Crewe, of Stene, in Northamptonshire, but, by the death of his elder brothers, he succeeded, in his fiftieth year, to the title. He was, in early life, a distinguished scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of that venerable Foundation during the Protectorate, but declared for Crown and Hierarchy in 1660. He was made Rector of his College, Dean of Chichester, and Clerk of the Closet to King Charles the Second. In the year 1671, he was consecrated Bishop of Oxford, and two years later was translated to the See of Durham, which he held for fifty years, the longest Episcopate, I believe, in the history of the Church of England.

No one is ignorant that this prelate incurred great odium during the reign of King James the Second for his support of that monarch's measures. I am not obliged to defend or to accuse his action while he was on the Ecclesiastical Commission, and to those who charge him with the prosecution of Dr. Samuel Johnson, or the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, with his famous offer to attend publicly the entry of the Pope's Nuncio into London, and with his conduct in the case of Magdalen College, Oxford, the writer has nothing at all to say, because she is a simple woman, and these things are too high for her. It is true that in 1688 he was exempted from pardon, and had to take flight across the seas; yet, which shows that his enemies had nothing they could bring home to him, he presently came back and remained unmolested until his death, that is to say, for five-and-thirty years. He was so good a man, and of so truly kind a heart, that one cannot believe he ever did or said a wrong thing. Certainly he never changed his principles, upholding Divine Right and the lawful succession of the Stuarts, and making no secret of his doctrines. As becomes a Bishop, however, he took no active share in the affairs of the Party, except in this very year of grace, namely 1710, when he opposed the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell. And his last words to his chaplain when he died, full of years, in 1722, were "Remember, Dick, never go over to the other side."

As for his wealth, he possessed as Lord Crewe, his estates and the ancestral seat of Stene, with other manors and houses, in Northamptonshire. As Lord Bishop of Durham he enjoyed the revenues and the powers of a Prince Palatine, with six splendid castles, including Durham, Auckland, and Norham, and eight great houses. He mostly kept his Court (for truly it was little less), at Durham, where he entertained in the year 1677 the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, on his way to the North. A magnificent Prelate, indeed; with the courage to declare and uphold his opinions; splendid in his carriage, his language, his dress, and in the liveries of his servants; one who ruled himself, his household, and his diocese with a firm hand; who spent freely, yet administered prudently; who was affable to all except to those who would dispute his authority or his rank.

"And now, Tony," said Tom, when they were gone, "we cannot sing with a Bishop in the house; but we can drink. The lemons, brave boy, and the whisky. Methinks her ladyship means well."

"So well," said Mr. Hilyard, "that your Honour hath but to defer to her opinions and your fortunes will be higher even than I looked for. As for myself," here he sighed, and looked miserable for the space of three and a half rummers of punch, when he cheered up and said that if starvation was before him all the more reason for enjoying the present moment, and that of all the choice gifts of Heaven, that of whisky punch was certainly the one for which mankind should be most grateful. While he discoursed upon its merits I left them, and to bed.

(To be continued)

LEAP YEAR is causing some little excitement in Transatlantic feminine circles. "Leap Year Balls" are being organised, where the usual order of things is reversed, ladies being the stewards and making all arrangements. Moreover, one Chicago journal publishes a list of eligible bachelors of the city for reference by ladies during the present Leap Year. This includes the names of several hundred men, with a description of their personal appearance, their business and family connections, social relations, habits of life, incomes, prospects, and "other information of value and interest."

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT

JULIUS BENEDICT, one of the most variedly accomplished and widely-esteemed musicians of the present century, was born at Stuttgart in 1804 (Nov. 27), and still lives, on the verge of seventy-nine, a hale and hearty veteran, which, considering the unceasing activity of his exertions during an exceptionally prolonged career, seems almost a phenomenon. To enter into minute details about such a life and such a career would far outrun the space at our disposal; a few particulars must, therefore, suffice. Passing those earlier times chiefly spent in Germany, we find Julius at Weimar, practising the pianoforte under Hummel; for his parents were sensible people, and would not thwart their son in the pursuit of any worthy object upon which his heart was set; and his desire was to excel in music, which he was consequently allowed to adopt as a profession. Wishing to perfect his knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, he subsequently sought for and obtained the advice of Moritz Hauptmann, recognised as a consummate master. But the most cherished hope of our aspiring young artist was to know Carl Maria von Weber. This was difficult on account of Weber's repugnance to teaching, and the ingratitude of some pupils, which induced him to forswear it altogether. But Julius, by means of a letter to the composer of *Der Freischütz*, from Herr Von Gerstenberg, one of his closest friends, obtained his point, was received with courtesy by the great man, and in process of time was accepted by the family as one of themselves. That Weber soon became attached to his new pupil, regarding him more as a son than as a favoured scholar, may be gathered from letters addressed to the father, in which the son is spoken of in flattering terms. It was while studying with Weber (1822) that Benedict published his first acknowledged composition—a sonata for pianoforte and violin, dedicated to his revered instructor. This was well spoken of in a Leipzig paper by Eckerman, one of Goethe's intimate allies, with whom the sage and poet of Weimar frequently interchanged opinions. It may be added here that, on leaving Dresden for Berlin, to superintend the rehearsals of *Der Freischütz*, Weber took his pupil with him, and that they afterwards travelled in company to Vienna, where *Euryanthe* was in preparation, at the first performance of which (in the autumn of 1822) Benedict was present. What Benedict did and saw in Vienna, where, at the instigation of Weber, he was made one of the conductors of the Imperial German Opera, there is not space to relate. He was introduced to all the leading musicians, at the head of them being Beethoven and Schubert; and furthermore had the honour of dining with Beethoven and Weber at Baden, near the capital, where the former played the host. In 1823, at Dresden, he resumed his studies with Weber, which he terminated in the year following. The leaving-taking between master and scholar was not less affecting than cordial, and as Benedict never saw Weber again, must have impressed itself the more keenly on his mind. Shortly after this final interview, Weber wrote the encouraging letter to the elder Benedict, reference to which has been given. Subsequently, in Naples, Paris, &c., Benedict won high distinction; but a glance at his career in London, of which still not a few may recollect the leading incidents, must end this brief memoir. In 1833 Benedict married his first wife, Mlle. Adèle Jean, and soon after, by the pressing advice of his friend Malibran, undertook the long-projected journey to London, making his *début* at a concert given by De Beriot, the violinist, Malibran's husband. He then tried one on his own behalf, at which Malibran and Grisi, unheard-of event at that period, were induced to sing a duet. The first step was a bold one, but Benedict's "Grand Concert" has been an annual summer *fête* ever since. From this point he advanced till he became more or less a familiar public figure. At how many concerts he was conspicuous, at how many theatres he was appointed musical director, how many festivals he conducted, may be guessed. His first theatrical engagement was to direct Mr. John Mitchell's "Opera Bouffo" at the Lyceum. We then meet him at Drury Lane, commissioned by Mr. Alfred Bunn to compose his first English opera, *The Gipsy's Warning*, which was given fifty successive nights. Five years later he produced, at the same theatre, his second opera, *The Brides of Venice*, and two years onwards *The Crusaders*. The most thoroughly popular of his operas, *The Lily of Killarney*, brought out in 1862 at Covent Garden by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, has kept the stage both in London and in the "provinces" for over twenty years.

Benedict's last appearance as theatrical conductor was at Her Majesty's, under Mr. Mapleson, where he wrote *entr'actes* and recitatives for *Oberon*, so closely resembling his master's in style and treatment that they might easily be mistaken for Weber's own. His last appearance at a festival was in September, 1882, to conduct his cantata, *Gratiella*, composed expressly for Birmingham. Benedict was engaged to conduct the Norwich Festival in 1845, and held the position until 1879, when it was undertaken by Mr. Randegger. He also for several years presided over the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, having long previously taken a leading part at the series of performances in which the shining star was Mlle. Jenny Lind, whom he accompanied on her tour through the United States and Havana. For the former of these he wrote his brilliant "Festival Overture."

As a composer Sir Julius Benedict exhibits merit in almost every style. His masterpiece is the oratorio, *St. Peter*, composed in 1870 for the Birmingham Festival. That stands by itself, and will surely live. The rest may be taken at random. They would comprise, among other good things, the overture and music for *Macbeth*; the three cantatas written for Norwich—*Undine*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and *St. Cecilia*, the last in particular; two grand orchestral symphonies in G minor and C major; several "programme overtures," *The Minnesinger* and *Tempest* at their head; the pianoforte concerto in E flat; and among his operas; before all, *The Lily of Killarney*. His miscellaneous pieces of various kinds, including chamber music, solo and concerted, part-songs, trios, duets, songs for the drawing-room, &c., might be counted by hundreds—which, where there is so much of excellence, is after all but scant praise. The name of their author is certainly an honoured one among musicians, and by reason of so much artistic work will continue to be honoured. The life of Sir Julius Benedict has not been unchequered; and it is no breach of privilege to say that, in 1851, after his return from America, a severe and terrible domestic affliction forced him to abstain from all professional employment for a very considerable period. This calamity met with unanimous sympathy, Julius Benedict being not less esteemed for kindness and affability as a man than admired for distinguished talent as a musician. In 1871 he was knighted by the Queen at Windsor Castle (at the same time as Sterndale Bennett), and six years later married his second wife, Miss Forty, herself a professor of no small ability.

J. W. D.

THE READER

NOTHING in history is, at first sight, less explicable than that the nations of Europe should so long have permitted the Dey of Algiers to work his own sweet will on their coasts and commerce. How this could be is told us in "The Scourge of Christendom," by Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Playfair, H.M. Consul at Algiers. For centuries men were torn from their friends to languish in a degraded and cruel slavery. The Abenegeres, at all events, took a long vengeance on the adherents of that faith which expelled them from Spain. One reason, perhaps, of the impunity with which the Algerines carried on their depredations was the great strength of their maritime stronghold, and the

climate of the surrounding country. It was the weather rather than the Moors which foiled Charles V., and nearly proved fatal to Lord Exmouth's fleet three centuries later. Yet it is impossible to peruse the long story of the misery inflicted on the Western States and on the Mediterranean, by Mahomedan insolence, without feeling that Christendom failed in its duty. There is some compensation in the reflection that England was the most energetic of the Powers in the work of suppressing the Corsairs. Colonel Playfair, in giving us the annals of an unpleasant phase of modern history, has done a service to those who wish to realise, more or less completely, the conditions of maritime life during the last three centuries.

In "The Court of the Tuileries" (2 vols.: Richard Bentley and Son), Lady Jackson sketches life at the Courts of the three Monarchs who ruled over France and the French, after Waterloo. Much fresh historical material for this period having recently been obtained, the characters of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe are not likely to fade from memory for lack of illustration. Nor can it be wondered that, in those years, the phantom of Napoleon I. became a tremendous power, when each living representative of the ancient dynasty was either commonplace or contemptible. Lady Jackson is at her best, perhaps, in her description of female personalities, whether the person she describes is the Countess of Cayla, the Duchess of Berri, or Madame Recamier. There is humour, too, in her treatment of the celebrated interview between Madame de Staël and Louis XVIII., when the loquacious blue-stocking endeavoured to act, for a few short moments, as a Privy Councillor; and in her narrative of what occurred at St. Cloud during the July days. There is no revelation in "The Court of the Tuileries" of what was before unknown; but these volumes contain an agreeably-written historical sketch, full of anecdote and quiet humour.

In "The Elements of Political Economy," by Emile de Laveye, translated by Alfred W. Pollard, B.A. (Chapman and Hall) we have an endeavour to enliven what has been called the "dismal science" by excursions into morals, history, geography, and politics. All additional knowledge may be and undoubtedly is capable of shedding a brighter light on any given subject, and there may be co-operation among sciences. At the same time it would be as well in a manual of instruction to avoid unnecessary subjects of controversy. M. Laveye exalts democracies and depreciates colonies. Now we take it that it would have been better if the Belgian writer had allowed his readers to elucidate the teaching of past and contemporary history for themselves. Of course, the polemical atmosphere of M. Laveye's "Elements" adds to the interest of his book. Yet his remarks about commerce would have been as much appreciated without his amiable vaticinations as to Canada, Australia, and South Africa. However, this is a brightly-written book on a not very lively subject.

Captain Thomas Hargreaves, F.A.S., and L.R.V., tells us in "A Voyage Round Great Britain," (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington) how he sailed round our island in the three-masted schooner *Dairy Maid*. He visited on the way Aberdeen, Balmoral, Leith, Edinburgh, &c., and has thought it worth while to put his experience in book-form. Why, it is not easy to understand. The experiences of a Viking under such circumstances would be valuable; but what Captain Hargreaves describes is not unfamiliar to the world; although this cannot be said of the fact that the mate of the *Dairy Maid* "had a large family of nine children, six of whom are now living," and that at Aberdeen the "worthy fellow lost half-a-sovereign, how or where he knew not." This lavishness of trivial detail is displayed on every page, and is a distinctive mark of the simplicity of soul that was so strangely moved to share a new knowledge with the world.

Mr. Richard Tangye, in a well printed and well-illustrated volume, "Reminiscences of Travel in Australia, America, and Egypt" (Sampson Low and Co.) writes brightly about three Continents, and we may add that the book is an entertaining one. It is full of anecdote and descriptions of places and persons. Some of Mr. Tangye's fellow-travellers, if they ever recognise their personalities in his portraiture of them, will probably express themselves with warmth; but such a probability will not detract from the enjoyment of the disinterested reader in perusing this pungently-phrased synopsis of travel-experiences. The author's description of political life in Melbourne is very suggestive, as is also his frank account of what he saw in America. Mr. Tangye's book will not disappoint those who take it up.

"The Adventures and Discourses of Captain John Smith," newly ordered by John Ashton (Cassell and Co., Limited) is a very clever reproduction of the book of the seventeenth century. Letterpress, illustrations, and tone of paper are all in harmony. Captain Smith tells his story for himself, how he adventured in France and in Hungary, how he cut off three Turks' heads, was taken prisoner, how he beat out the "Bashaws" brains and escaped. Those English people who are so far behind our American cousins as to know nothing about the Emperor Powhatan and the Princess Pocahontas should read this excellent revival of old-time history and printing; but how have the Redskins fallen since the day when a clever adventurer could, sincerely and to do honour, prefix sounding titles to their already striking names?

Mr. Francon Williams, who edits "Philip's Picturesque History of England," offers to English boys a most lavishly illustrated history of their country. Scarcely a page wants its picture adornment. Here, we have Caledonians watching the Romans, and there, Rowena giving Vertigern to drink, while towards the end we see the Battle of Waterloo, where "Up Guards and at them!" is beautifully blended with the charge of the French cavalry on the British squares. The letterpress brings the narrative down to 1880, and is adapted for its purpose both in style and matter. The poetical extracts are well chosen, and there is no reason why a book of this sort should not be more useful for the junior forms in schools than the dreary treatises which do a good deal to discredit history with the young.

A well written sketch of the distinguished authors of the past is never unwelcome, and Mr. Andrews in "Our Great Writers" (Elliot Stock) brings to his work one amiable characteristic—enthusiastic admiration for the geniuses who are the subjects of his essays. His selections from poems and prose works might, perhaps, have been better made; but that is a matter of which every individual reader will have an opinion of his own. However, his quotations from Burns show taste and judgment, and so does the beautiful excerpt from Sterne, in which the death of Yorick is described with such admirable humour and pathos. This author's criticism of Shelley as a poet and a man is characterised alike by originality and kindliness. Altogether "Our Great Writers" is a pleasant book.

This also may be said of "The Cruise of the *Falcon*," by E. F. Knight, Barrister-at-Law (S. Low and Co.).—Mr. Knight with three friends, a boy, and a cat sailed in the *Falcon*, a yawl of eighteen tons register, from Southampton to South America. They visited the chief ports of the Atlantic seaboard, and, more than this, penetrated far up the Paraguay and other rivers into a but little-known interior. In a short notice it would be impossible to do justice to these charmingly-written two volumes. We will confine ourselves to saying that Mr. Knight possesses a great humorousness, and that "The Cruise of the *Falcon*" is one of the most delightful books of sea-voyage we have ever read. The faculty of adventure and of literary expression have been marvellously combined in one person.



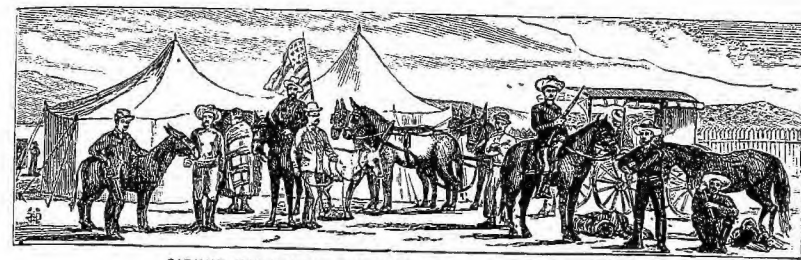
MAJOR FOUNTAIN AND STAFF, NEW MEXICAN TERRITORIAL CAVALRY



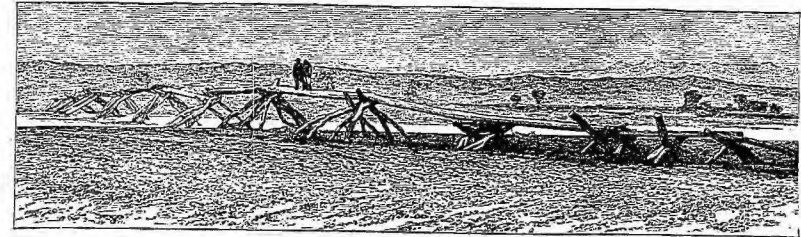
INDIAN BABY



COTTON WOOD RANCH, LARIAT, RIO GRANDE CO., COLORADO



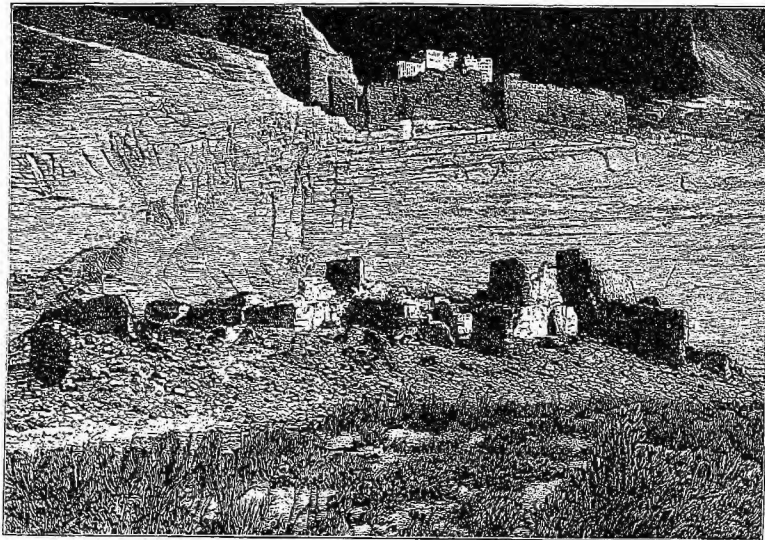
CARAVAN WHICH MADE THE EXPLORATION OF THE CLIFF DWELLINGS



INDIAN BRIDGE



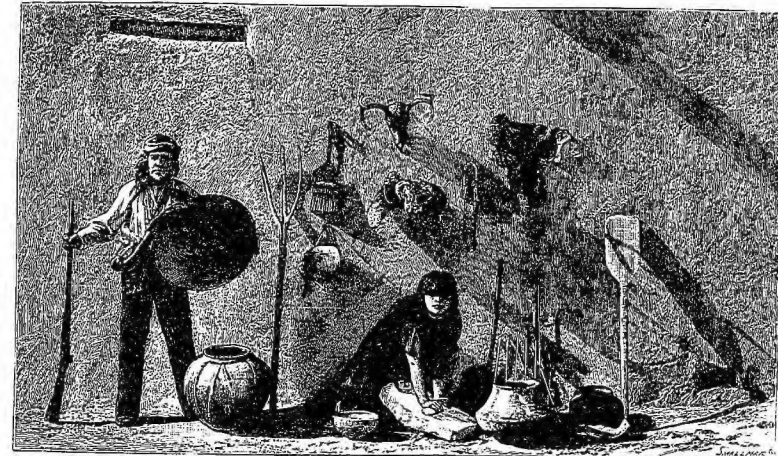
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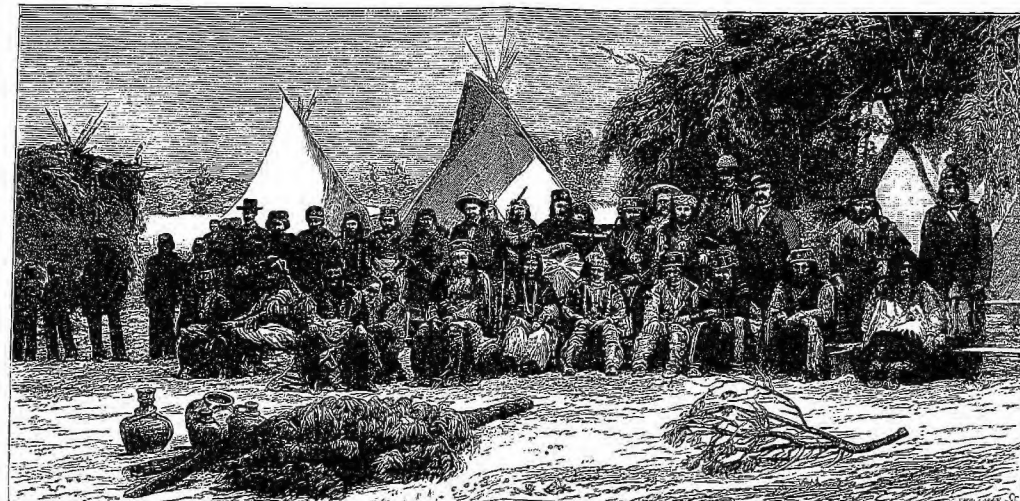
INDIAN FAMILY GROUP—GIRL GRINDING CORN



JACK CRAWFORD, INDIAN GUIDE AND SCOUT TO THE U.S. ARMY



PUEBLO DE TAOS



TRIBE OF MASCALERO APACHE INDIANS



PUEBLO DE MOQUI

Mr. Westropp, in a course of promenade lectures on the archaeology of Rome, "Early and Imperial Rome" (Elliot Stock) goes very thoroughly over the architectural relics of bygone days. He shows clearly, too, how much light is thrown by a study of masonry on the vexed question of the origin and early history of the City of Rome. The general reader may not find much to attract him in these lectures, but for the student of Latin literature and history they undoubtedly possess great value.

We have in "Addison," by W. J. Courthope, another addition to the admirable series of biographies which Mr. Morley is editing. It is needless, perhaps, to state that this volume does not fall behind the others in merit, although Addison left but scanty material for the biographer. It will be sufficient to say that Mr. Courthope deals exhaustively with the great prose writer's position as a politician, a dramatic author, and as a member of the literary society of the time.

Professor Stuart contributes to "The People's Library" under the title of "A Chapter on Science," six lectures to working men, dealing mainly with astronomical phenomena. Professor Stuart seeks to show the method of modern scientific investigation, as well as to state facts. He traces step by step the progress made in learning the true laws of planetary motion from Copernicus to Newton. His biographical sketches of Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and the rest are cleverly drawn. There is also an admirably lucid explanation of the solar spectrum. Professor Stuart's lectures will be appreciated by many readers outside the class to whom they were more particularly addressed.—Of the same series we have also received "Hops and Hop-Pickers," by the Rev. J. Y. Stratton, Rector of Ditton, Kent (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). This is a pleasantly-written little book, and contains a good deal of useful information about the culture of hops, from their planting till they are in a condition suitable to the brewers' requirements. We hope all intending immigrants into Kent during the next hop-picking season will take to heart Mr. Stratton's remarks on the desirability of good behaviour, for he assures them that "they have a large number of sympathising friends in the country to which they annually resort."

Within the memory of middle-aged men London has grown so enormously that if a map is constructed on a scale sufficiently large to show the streets with distinctness, it must be of an unwieldy size to include the newer portions of the metropolis. Hitherto, map-makers have evaded the difficulty, either by furnishing maps which omit the suburbs, or by employing so small a scale that the minor thoroughfares shrink into invisibility. We therefore welcome with especial heartiness the New Ordnance Atlas of Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co., 127, Strand, because it overcomes the objections referred to above. First, there is a key map of Greater London, extending from Woolwich to Chiswick and from Finchley to Norwood, divided into twenty-seven squares. Then follow twenty-seven large-scale maps of each of these respective divisions. If the inquirer wants to pass from one map to its next neighbour on either side, an ingenious system of figuring helps him to it at once; while there is an ample index of streets, &c., which are easily discoverable by the method now adopted in most good atlases, namely, by dividing each map into squares, distinguished horizontally by letters, and perpendicularly by figures.

Of new books and new editions we should especially mention Mr. W. R. S. Ralston's translation of the late M. Turgeneff's "Liza; or, A Noble Heart" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), one of his most characteristic stories of Russian provincial life.—Messrs. W. H. Allen also send the same author's "First Love" and "Punin and Baburin," translated by Sidney Jerrold.—Amongst the new editions are James Payn's "Thicker Than Water," in one volume (Longmans), and similar issues of Mrs. Oliphant's "It Was a Lover and His Lass" (Hurst and Blackett), and "Mehalah," by the author of "John Herring" (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—A third edition has been published of Alexander Hay Japp's "Industrial Curiosities" (T. Fisher Unwin), an interesting book for young folk, and one by which they may be initiated into the mysteries of various industries, from that of safes and locks or wool and sewing machines to seals and sealskins, and finally learn that there is nothing like leather.

For those who want sterling good literature at a low price, one of the cheapest publications we have ever seen is Mr. John Dicks' latest volume of the Library of Standard Works. For eighteenpence can be purchased five complete novels and fifty-five stories, by such authors as the late Lord Lytton ("Ernest Maltravers" and "Alice"), Charles Lever ("Charles O'Malley"), Theodore Hook ("Jack Brag"), Thackeray ("The History of Samuel Titmarsh"), Charles Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, and Douglas Jerrold. Many of these stories are illustrated with the original engravings. Amongst other works, which we have no space to review at length, are "A Woman's Hand," by E. M. Ellis (Jarrold and Sons); "Soldiers' Stories and Sailors' Yarns," a collection of amusing mess tales (W. H. Allen); "Two Saxon Maidens," a characteristic story of the time of Beeda, for young people, by Eliza Kerr, in which some account is given of the struggle between Heathendom and Christendom in England, in the eighth and ninth centuries (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union); "Clifford's Trial," by the late Yotty Osborn, is another work for young people (Hatchards); "Object Lessons for Use in Sunday Schools," by the Rev. F. L. Farmer, comes from the Church of England Sunday School Institute, and is designed to suggest to teachers of the young how they may make use of visible objects as illustrations of religious teaching; "Spratt: an Autobiography" (Hatchards), edited by "F. S. A. B.," is a pleasantly-told story for children of a pet dog; while "The Midsummer Fairies," by "A. E. I." (Marcus Ward), treats of a visit to Fairyland by a little maiden, and of the wonderful things she saw there. Finally we acknowledge the "Gospel Alphabet," with notes for twenty-six Bible readings and hymns (J. F. Shaw and Co.).

"Dod's Peerage, Baronage, and Knightage" (Whittaker and Co.), of which this is the forty-fourth annual publication, is one of the cheapest and most compact of this class of works.—"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly and Co., tenth edition), deserves similar commendation.—"Thom's Official Directory" (Thom and Co., Dublin), of which this is the forty-first issue, contains everything which one wants to know about Ireland (not forgetting other parts of the United Kingdom), admirably arranged.—Invaluable to habitual advertisers is "Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press" (H. Sell, 167, Fleet Street). It contains information concerning every newspaper in the kingdom.—"The Englishwoman's Year Book for 1884," by "L. M. H." (Hatchards), was originally published in 1875. It contains a mass of information concerning the kind of work which women can do, and the charities and educational establishments in which they are especially interested.

NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO

The illustrations show the deserted cave and some stone cliff dwellings of an extinct race, the mud huts of those Pueblo Indians who still survive, and the homes of the new settlers who are pouring into the country from all parts of the world. The Pueblo or Village Indians are the direct descendants of the Aztecs, who were found in 1544 by Cobeza de Vara, tilling the soil and living under wholesome laws. Then came the Spaniards, introducing all the elements of modern progress, attended by the extermination of a fine race of ancient people. In early years constant fighting did its mission of death with powder and buckshot, and reduced their numbers by thousands. Next the buffalo was slaughtered and rendered almost extinct; and now their lands are gradually falling from their

hands, and the poor Indian is perishing fast, the certain prey of contagious diseases, small-pox, and whisky.

The Pueblo Indians as a distinct race now number about 10,000 in the territory of New Mexico. According to Spanish writers they numbered hundreds of thousands in the valleys of the Colorado and the Rio Grande del Norte Rivers. After the revolution and wars of 1680 numbers of them emigrated to the Pacific Slope: some joined the wild tribes, and others merged into the civilisation of their conquerors, to form what is known as the Mexican population.

The Taos Pueblo is the finest, and is also probably the only Indian village extant which has escaped entire destruction in one or other of the many wars. The church and a large part of the village was laid in ruins in the last war of 1848, when the Indians and Mexicans made common cause against the United States troops. The material used in building is "adobe," a sun-dried brick of mud and straw. Each family occupies a separate house, which consists of two rectangular apartments, the dwelling room and the kitchen. The walls are thick, with a slight slope outwards. The roof, supported by whole logs of timber, is nearly flat, and is surrounded by a low parapet. The entrance is by a trap-door in the roof, which is reached by a round ladder from the outside. Windows are but small, and closed with straw. Recently doors and windows of the usual construction have been introduced by some of the least conservative natives. The interior is kept scrupulously clean; the walls are whitened and decorated with weapons, articles of clothing and of domestic use; the floor is well swept, and covered with skins on which to sit or lie. One corner contains the hearth and chimney. The ovens for baking are built outside, and are heated with wood. The most modern Indian villages are not more than two stories high, and the houses are built in streets. The raised tiers of the Taos Pueblo present an imposing pyramidal block of about seventy dwellings. The uppermost is occupied by one of the chief's first lieutenants, who uses it as a "look-out," and gives out the orders for the hunting expeditions, agricultural pursuits, religious services or dances, and from it also is offered night and morning the votive prayer to Montezuma. The architecture of this edifice bears a marked resemblance to the Egyptian, and the same remark applies to the wooden ploughs and waggons, as well as most of the implements in present use. The engravings of the cliff and cave-dwellings convey at first sight the idea that the plan was conceived by the same people, or by their descendants, as those who built the present habited Pueblos. The cliff-dwellings are built away from the main rivers, high up on most inaccessible prominences of rock. The excavations are made in soft tufa, or pumice, which lies under the solid bed of basalt which caps the "mesa," or table-land, and determines the elevation of the mountains separated by precipitous "cañons." The basalt cleaves easily, and forms a ready building material. Frequently the cave-dwellings are found as inner chambers with the ruined stone walls of the outer rooms in juxtaposition.

The Indian family group is taken from the Zuni tribe occupying the southern portion of New Mexico, which has in part adopted European costume. The girl is grinding corn, and on each side of her are pieces of native pottery; against the wall are a baker's wooden prong and bow and arrows. The man stands with the buffalo hide shield in one hand and a rifle in the other. Another sketch shows the skill and the resource of the Indian in building a useful and durable bridge of wood. Next we have a remnant of the once dreaded tribes of Mescalero Apaches; standing in the centre is a Mexican interpreter, the two Americans are the agent and the Assistant-Commissioner. On the left are four Indian boys, who are being trained in a Mission school. The engraving is from a photograph taken in Santa Fé, during a visit paid to the Tertio-Millennial Celebration of Spanish Occupation. The Indian papoose has been frequently described.

Major Fountain and the Staff of the New Mexican Territorial Cavalry form the subject of the sketch at the top left hand side. This useful body has done great service in ridding the country of bands of desperados who made life and property unsafe.

The photograph from which the Caravan was engraved was taken in front of Major Fountain's head-quarters at Santa Fé. Our correspondent is mounted, and stands under the "Stars and Stripes." On the right are three cavalry men and their Bronchos; behind is an ambulance, with four mules, which was lent to the Hon. W. Springer, of Springfield, Ill., to explore the cliff dwellings.

Jack Crawford is the noted Indian scout who accompanied Captain Cook on his last adventurous campaign against the Apaches.

The last engraving to notice is taken from a sketch of what is considered in the country an exceptionally good rancher's home. In the foreground is the waggon and team of a travelling prospector receiving hospitality.—Our engravings are from photographs and sketches by Walter Pearce, B.Sc., M.R.C.S., Resident Medical Officer, St. Mary's Hospital.



MESSRS. KEITH, PROWSE, AND CO.—Three songs, music by John Collett, are of medium compass, and will take their turn with other ballads of the day, although their claims to originality are not very great. For (1) "Lily's Shadow" the composer has supplied the words; (2) "Farewell, if Ever Fondest Prayer" is one of Lord Byron's beautiful and well-known poems, to which the music scarcely does justice; (3) "Forget Thee" (Faithful Love), a very impassioned love poem, by the late Rev. J. Moultrie, is the prettiest of the three, and being of medium compass will, or at all events should, find many a good interpreter amongst the sweet but small-voiced tenors of the period.

MESSRS. CONRAD HERZOG AND CO.—"One Kind Kiss," written and composed by Robert Dodsley and J. R. C. Gale, is a love song of the tenderest type, with a florid accompaniment, and a restless change of time between 6-8 and 2-4 which would confuse a musical novice.—In the same tender spirit are the words of "Farewell, My Own Dear Love," by H. Jea; the music by Albert d'Archambaud, of a more simple character, is somewhat commonplace.—This composer has been more successful with "Autumn Leaves," a bright and dance-inspiring polka.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is a ring of true pathos in the words of "A Few White Flowers," by Mary M. Lemon, which Alfred Physick has set to music appropriate to the sad theme; published in C and in E (published by the Composer).—Of an original type is "True for Aye," written and composed by W. H. Wordley and James J. Monk for a soprano voice; there is an *ad libitum* accompaniment for the harmonium or organ, which adds greatly to the effect of this charming song (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—A graceful song, with a telling accompaniment, is "Spinning Song," the words by M. M. Summerling; the music by J. B. Wexlerlin. This song is also published with French words ("La Fileuse"), which we prefer to the English; they accord better with the flowing melody. It is published in E flat and in C (William Czerny).—A pretty and easy song, of medium compass, is "On the Shore," written and composed by Marian Cook and Gilbert Byass (T. C. Turner and Co., Bristol).—"La Vivandière," a *marche militaire* for the piano/orte, by F. Eavestaff, is spirited and tuneful; the time is well marked (Alphonse Bertini).—Mr. Cameron Brock sends us the parts for a full orchestra of "Doncaster Bells," a showy quickstep, well suited for a military band or a concert hall, where it

will surely win applause. It is published by the composer at Bishop's Waltham, Hants, who will do wisely to make arrangements for its publication in London, as few persons would send for it.—Three fairly good specimens of dance music are: "The Esther Waltz," by W. R. J. McLean (City Music Publishing Company); "For Aye Valse," on the song bearing that name, by Gilbert Byass (Messrs. T. Turner and Co., Bristol); and "Three Blind Mice Waltz," by N. Nicholl (Messrs. J. Muir, Wood, and Co., Glasgow).



"JONATHAN SWIFT," a Novel (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is an attempt to explain the secret history of one who has been, is, and is likely to remain, the arch-enigma of biography. The anonymous author has been well-nigh compelled to use fiction as his method, seeing that so much depends upon preconceived hypothesis which could not be presented seriously in any other form. He accepts in its entirety the theory of madness as the key-note to all Swift's characteristic qualities, and as the one solution of all the problems connected with his career. It was madness, discovered by Stella, which was the cause, unknown to himself, of her refusal to be his wife: it was the dread of madness that led him into avarice so that he might never be at once both lunatic and pauper; it was actual moral madness, intensified by grievous misconceptions of those most dear to him, which distorted a noble nature into cynical and unscrupulous ambition. Naturally, in order to maintain his theory in full consistency, the author is obliged to deal freely with his facts, transposing, suppressing, and even imagining at pleasure. His aim is to present a dramatically possible whole: and he must be credited with having fairly succeeded so far. But he is very far from entitling himself to the far higher credit of taking a man as he seemed, and showing what he really was under the disguises of accident and circumstance. He has laid himself very considerably open to the charge of having first evolved his Swift, and then explained him, going so far as to remind us now and then of the way in which Dumas *used* to deal with English history—namely, by brilliant and exhaustive accounts of what never happened at all. Almost as a necessary consequence, the author is frequently guilty of grave injustice, as towards Sir William Temple. On the whole, the work is mainly to be praised, and in no small degree, as a brilliant piece of imaginary autobiography, rendered all the more amusing by the incisive expression of exceedingly decided views on most of the questions and topics of the present day. That the writer is not troubled by doubt or diffidence is clear enough from his announcement that "I am a poet, by the grace of God," and by his desire to be Chief Secretary for Ireland just now—"County Cork should be Ulster over again in a fortnight." Indeed there is altogether quite as much of his own personality in the novel as of his hero's: and so much thorough-going decision renders his egotism unflinchingly entertaining. Moreover, he knows how to stimulate thought in those who care to linger a little over his dogmatic epigrams. As a picture of the times, his romance is simply worthless, and indeed positively misleading; while those whose study of Swift is confined to ordinary authorities will be pretty often called upon to stare. But most readers will enjoy the book—especially those who admire the pen as a weapon of war, and like to see it brandished manfully in the face of all comers.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Beatrice Randolph" (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus) occupies something of a middle position between his novels and his tales, in theme and treatment, as well as in length. He has not, according to his usual method, attempted to dissect and analyse any abnormal form of character, or to solve any of the profounder or subtler mysteries of human nature. Nor has he, as in his shorter stories, dealt with the lurid or the mystical. "Beatrice Randolph" is just an anecdote, which might have been told in a single chapter, but has been developed into a light and lively comedietta, with tragical potentialities which are consistently suppressed. A great deal might be done for the stage with an innocent and charming girl whom very peculiar circumstances lead into passing herself off as a celebrated foreign *prima donna* with the reverse of a good reputation except for genius and eccentricity. As a rule, the imposture comes from the other side; while obviously the most original and striking situations can be gained by the lamb posing in the wolf's skin, rather than by the wolf posing in the lamb's. We do not think that Mr. Hawthorne has quite realised the dramatic capabilities of his own conception. But the situation is good in itself; and perhaps it would not bear further development than he has given it without much more elaborate construction than was in his intention. The subordinate characters are admirably distinct, always excepting the virtuous lover, who is of a too conventional pattern—Hamilton Jocelyn, the villain of the piece, reminding us of some of those strange compounds of contrasted instincts on a greater scale for which Mr. Hawthorne has always shown a special predilection. On the whole, "Beatrice Randolph" is an exceptionally amusing trifle, and as such reveals its author in a new, and successful, phase.

We last week had occasion to speak of a certain foreign work of fiction as probably the final achievement in the art of being dull. But Mrs. Oliphant, in "Hester, a Story of Contemporary Life" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), has transferred the honour of that extreme to British hands. She has been some time bearing in that direction, and in "Hester" has succeeded, even to brilliancy. For it is really brilliant in its way for a clever writer to surpass the dull on their own proper ground. The effect is absolutely like that of watching a horse at work in a cider mill—he plods on and on, at the same pace, round the same small circle, never ending and still beginning, and, though we must needs believe that something is being squeezed out, nothing is ever seen to come. Of course the novel is written with such literary skill as so practised a pen must needs acquire by force of habit. But there is nothing to interest—not even in the account of the family alms-house for the Vernon family, which might have been done something with had Mrs. Oliphant thought it worth while. We can only presume that the authoress of "Chronicles of Carlingford" no longer thinks it worth while to write up to her reputation. The danger is that her reputation may fall to the level of her present writing: and, out of that fear, she must look to find her sharpest critics in her warmest admirers. As a critic herself, Mrs. Oliphant must surely know that the only value of tedious verbiage like "Hester" is the name on the title-page.

We have received also the following novels and tales which want of space compels us to dismiss without further mention:—"Early Lost, Late Found," by Wynter Frore Knight (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); "Victims of a Legacy," by J. F. Pullan (2 vols.: James Blackwood and Co.); "Through Shine and Shower," by Lady Dunboyne (2 vols.: James Blackwood and Co.); "Bishopspool," by William Renton (Chapman and Hall); "The Building of St. Barnabas" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall); "The Perfect Faith," by Elizabeth Glaister (2 vols.: Smith and Elder); "The Mate of the Daylight," by Sarah Orme Jewett (Boston, U.S.: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.); "Klytia," by George Taylor (2 vols.: Leipzig: Tauchnitz); "For Love and Duty," by Elmond Garth-Thornton (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); and "Sister Clarice," by Mrs. C. Hunter Hodgson (Griffith and Farran).

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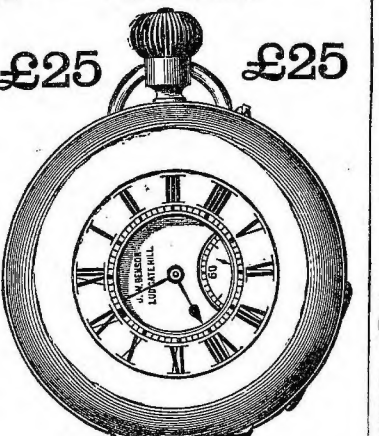
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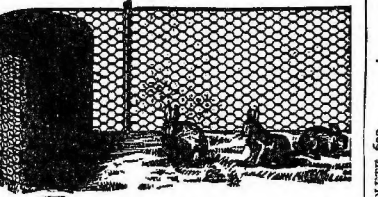


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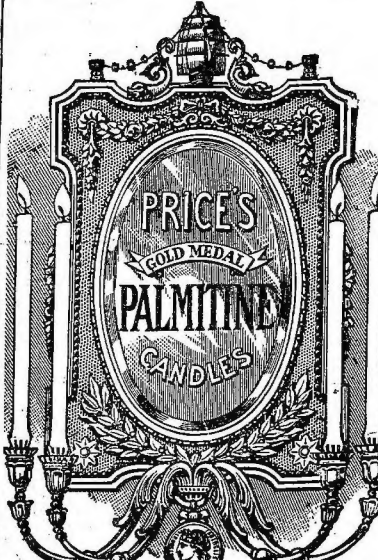
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